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Pro-Slavery.

NEW SCHEME OF ANTI-SLAVERY OPERATIONS —CAUTION TO THE SOUTH.

From The Richmond Enquirer, July 8.

THE South has nothing to fear for the security of its institutions so long as the war upon slavery is confined to a system of aggressive agitation in the Northern States. Indeed, a little reflection will teach us that this mode of attack strengthens rather than weakens the stability of slavery—a deduction of *a priori* reasoning, which experience verifies and confirms by incontestible results.

Before abolitionism began its offensive operations, the South was not at all satisfied of the moral or social sanction of negro slavery. The truth is our forefathers of the last generation, so far from justifying and defending the institution on its own merits, disclaimed any responsibility for its origin, apologized for its existence on the plea of inability to abolish it, and protested their desire to discover some safe and sufficient remedy for the imaginary evil. Now, all thinking men in the South are persuaded that slavery is the normal condition of the negro; that it is justified by the sanctions of God's revealed as well as natural law; that it is an instrument of Providence in working out the material and moral developements of civilization; and that it is a wise, salutary and beneficent institution of Christian society. The consequence of these pervading and profound convictions throughout the South is a universal and earnest determination to protect the legal guarantees of slavery, to strengthen its basis, defend it against attack, and multiply it securities, until, having accomplished its appointed destiny, it shall be replaced by some other agency of progress and developement. The period of its natural dissolution will be foreshadowed by unmistakeable signs of decay, and the South will no more presume to resist the obvious decree of Providence than they now think of acquiescing in the impious schemes of men who would usurp the function of Providence.

This reversal of judgment and of feeling in the South, in respect to negro slavery, is the result of the aggressive agitation of the Abolitionists. Driven to the alternative of either abandoning or defending the institution, the South for the first time undertook to explore its foundations and to ascertain its stability. They discovered that instead of being bolstered by the contrivances of accident and the interests of men, it reposed upon the solid and impregnable basis of moral right and social expediency. But this was not the only advantage which the South derived from the external agitations against slavery. Whatever support was wanting in the institution from its own inherent strength was supplied by this very outside pressure. The judgment of men already sanctioned the existence of negro slavery; it was only necessary that their interests and passions should be enlisted in its defence. By their violence, their vituperation, their contempt of vested rights and constitutional guarantees, the Abolitionists have rallied all classes in the South to the vigorous and zealous support of slavery.

As soon as the South begins to appreciate its advantage, the Abolitionists discover their mistake. They want to repair their blunder, and the obvious way to do it is to withdraw that external pressure which braces and supports slavery—to cease that agitation which keeps the South in a state of vigilant and invulnerable self-defence. And they would adopt this expedient, if their only object was the extinction of slavery. But they contemplate other ends. In the scheme of the Abolitionists the degradation of the South, and the oppressive ascendency of the North, is the paramount aim of all their operations. They will not abandon anti-slavery agitation, though it obstructs their ostensible purpose, because they would lose their political power. They will not await the course of nature, because if slavery is doomed to die of its own mortality, it will expire without any shock to society, and thus defeat their diabolical desire of explosion and ruin to the South.

Thwarted and beaten in their plan of external agitation and aggressive attack upon slavery, the Abolitionists have now invented and adopted another system of operations, which is recommended in their favour, not only by an appearance of greater efficiency, but by the promise of accomplishing its aim with every aggravation of social disturbance and sectional ruin. This scheme, which flatters the ferocious appetite of abolitionism with the bloody prospect of fraternal struggle and wide-wasting desolation in the South, is to inflame a feeling of jealous antagonism between the classes of slaveholders and non-slaveholders, and thus to paralyze the arm of resistance to external aggression.

The recent efforts of the Abolitionists are all directed in pursuance of this plan of open attack and insidious machination. Their primary aim is to detach the non-slaveowners from the interests of the South. To this end their papers and speakers are perpetually dealing out denunciation against the "slavocracy." In their war upon the South they carefully distinguish between the classes whom they would oppose in exterminating conflict. They represent the slaveholding community as a small, aristocratic and tyrannical oligarchy, controlling public opinion, and subordinating the government to its exclusive interests. To the non-slaveholding class, as the downtrodden, disfranchised and oppressed multitude, they address inflammatory appeals to violence and disorder. Anticipating the possession of the patronage of the Federal Government, they already propose so to employ it as to foment division in the South. They proclaim that in the event of the election of Fremont, the South shall have its proportionate share of the spoil, but it shall be distributed exclusively among the non-slaveholders. All the operations of the Abolitionists are now conducted in this spirit, and with reference to the design of building up an anti-slavery party in the bosom of the South.

Every person who is at all familiar with the temper of the Southern people and the character of Southern society will at once pronounce this new invention of abolitionism to be as foolish and impracticable as it is revolting in principle and criminal in purpose. It is a radical mistake to assume any antagonism of interest between the slaveowner and the non-slaveowner. In truth, there is not one person in a hundred throughout the South who has not some immediate interest in slavery; for they who own no negroes hire them and subsist upon their labour. There is not one person in ten thousand who does not look forward to the day when he may hold slaves himself. There is not one person in a hundred thousand who will not acknowledge himself the beneficiary of negro labour—so completely is slavery bound up with the feelings and interests of every class of the community—so solidly does it rest upon a basis commensurate with our social system.

There is no class of our community so stupid as not to see that their own liberties are involved in the securities of slavery, and not to know that when the negroes are set free, they must become slaves. There is no class so destitute of generous principle as to need the spur of individual interest to impel them to the defence of the rights of their section. It was not the tea drinkers only who participated in the war of independence. It is not the slaveholder only whom the Abolitionists encounter in their attack upon the common rights, honour and liberties of the South. Patriotism in this quarter of the Confederacy is not a grovelling instinct of selfish interest. It is a generous impulse of personal independence and reverence for the rights of the State; and it glows as purely and brightly in the brawny breast of the poor as beneath the velvet vestment of the rich.

But, if the poor man in the South who owns no negroes should want any tie of interest to attach him to slavery, he will not look long before he finds it. Where on earth is the working white man so respected as in the South? Where else do his labour and skill command such high remuneration? Is he more respected in the North, where he is reduced to a level with the free negro in social standing and political rights? and where he is condemned to any menial and degrading service which his master chooses to impose upon him? Is his work worth more in the North, where labour is the slave of capital? where the excessive competition of others as necessitous as himself leaves him hardly enough to satisfy the imperative wants of nature? How much higher and better the condition of the labouring white man is in the South will be seen from a very superficial observation, and may be explained by a few very obvious considerations.

In the South, the work which taxes only the physical energies of our nature, and gives no play to thought or fancy, is confined to the negro population. They perform the menial household services; they toil and sweat under the heavy burdens of agricultural employment, leaving the mechanical pursuits, which dignify labour by developing the mental faculties, and reward it with a compensation which mere energy of muscle can never command, to the exclusive cultivation of white artisans. At the same time the presence of the negro population, occupying an inferior social position and excluded from political privileges, imparts to the white labourer a peculiar sense of personal pride and independence. The white labourer of the South, standing upon a legal level with the richest man in the community, and far above the bulk of the working population, recognised and respected as an equal by the most eminent persons, necessarily exhibits a dignity of character and an elevation of feeling found among the same class in no other social system. He is not so deficient in sagacity as not to foresee that by the abolition of slavery he will lose these advantages, be degraded from his superior position to a level with the black population, be brought into competition with the cheap labour of negroes, and so be compelled to endure the most wasting toil at starving prices. There is no man in the South so stupid as not to understand that the abolition of slavery will degrade the white labourer to an equality with the negro; and that conviction is enough, apart from any influence of high priciple, to rally all classes to the support of the institution.

But, however invulnerable be the system of negro slavery in the South, against this new mode of assault, there is a way in which it may achieve a partial success. Recent developements show that there are some persons in the South who are not loyal to its interests. Virginia furnished delegates to the Black Republican Convention. It is but a few months since that a man was driven from Loudoun for uttering insurrectionary language. During the past week, Wilson and Wade exultingly declared in the Senate that they had accomplices in the bosom of the South. But in every instance in which any person in the South has been convicted of plotting against slavery, he has proved to be an importation from the North. Our own native-born population are sound, and so may be the bulk of immigrants from the North. But it is incontestably established that there are roaming Yankees among us, who are enemies of our institutions and confederates with Wilson. It is by the agency of such persons that abolitionism proposes to consummate the ruin of the South. Shall we despise their machinations? May they not be capable of a greater mischief than we are willing to concede in our consciousness of invincible strength? Our conviction is that the South should guard against every approach of danger, especially from this quarter. Proverbially credulous, the people of the South are too prone to extend their confidence to the Yankee immigrants, without question of their character or proof of their honesty. This thing must stop. Our own safety demands the adoption of some precautionary measures against the machinations of abolition agents from the North. The urgency of the case will justify the most extreme remedy. An example of prompt and adequate punishment of anti-slavery agitation and treasonable utterance in our midst is wanting to repress the clandestine machinations of these Yankee immigrants. There is no occasion for irregular violence, for we have proper laws and penalties for the emergency. We call upon the prosecuting attorneys of the State to do their duty. We suggest that the people should be more vigilant and energetic in ridding the community of these vermin. They assume every sort of disguise, so that it is difficult to detect them. Prevention is the better plan. If we spurn their services and refuse their wares, anti-slavery missionaries will not be able to subsist amongst us. By the same expedient we will encourage home industry, and develope home talent. Virginia supplies better mind and muscle than any importation from New England.

SOUTHERN NON-SLAVEHOLDERS.

From The Richmond Examiner, August 12.

GLENDOWER—I will call spirits from the vasty deep.
HOTSPUR—But will they come when you do call for them?

The *New York Herald* betrays a very gross ignorance of Southern sentiment when it supposes it can array Southern non-slaveholders against Southern slaveholders by appeals to anti-aristocratic prejudices. We had supposed the conductors of the *Herald* far more cognizant of the spirit of Southern society than the great mass of Northern men, until we saw its recent articles, written to persuade the Black Republican party in the North that they would find aid and comfort for their schemes of aggression upon the South in the sympathies of our non-slaveholding voters. We assure it that it supposes an antagonism of sentiment which does not exist in our community, when it distinguishes between the non-slaveholding and slaveholding voters of our section in articles such as that from which we take the paragraphs which follow—an antagonism which does not exist in any slaveholding community because of negro slavery. Negro slavery makes an aristocrat of every white man in the community in which it is found; and if one white man more than another is more ready to keep the negro down to his proper position and to deny his equality with himself, it is the non-slaveholding white man.

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The theory is not even plausible. Like all other fine speculations built upon an imaginary state of facts, it is only moonshine theory. There is no antagonism in Southern society such as the *Herald* supposes. The whites are all aristocrats—are all democrats. The non-slaveholder is even more jealous of negro presumption, is more ready to thrust him down to his level when he presumes to step above it, than the master. If there are quarrels between the slaveholder and non-slaveholder, as such, ever, it is the slaveholder who supports the negro, and the non-slaveholder who has visited upon him a too severe discipline for his presumption. The fact of negro slavery puts all white men upon a higher level, and makes the distinction of colour the barrier between classes.

It is natural for the *Herald*—it is natural for all men living in a community full of red republican agrarianism—to suppose the same combustible element and sense of oppression which lurks in their own to lurk also in the bosom of Southern society—to suppose that the non-slaveholding classes occupy with us the same relation to the slaveholding as the hireling class of the North to the employing class—and to conclude that the non-slaveholding son, brother, neighbour or overseer at the South is willing to join any day with the agrarian, red and black republicans of the North in a fratracidal warfare on the slaveholder. But they reckon without their host. They send an invocation to the depths of the human heart which will find no response in the non-slaveholding bosom.

Our non-slaveholding freemen have but one answer for all such invocations. When they hear the universal equality of mankind asserted by the Black Republicans of the North, their reflections tend to a very natural point; and they ask themselves very pertinent questions as to the tendency of this doctrine and the objects of its advocates.

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As the theory of abolitionism asserts the equality of the negro with the white man, so is it the sole end and aim of the abolition fanaticism to elevate the negro to the social and political level of the white man—to sink the industrious white labourer to the grade of the negro vagabond. The Southern non-slaveholder would know this instinctively if he were not intelligent enough to discover it in the newspaper and campaign politics of the Black Republican party—Black Republican, because endeavouring to confer upon the black, stupid, lazy, licentious negro equal rights, sovereignties and prerogatives of republican citizenship with the yeomen and freemen of the land. The whole Southern sentiment is outraged by the disgusting and monstrous nature of the movement, the non-slaveholding portion of it far more than the slaveholding—for though they profit less by the perpetuation of the institution than the slaveholding class, they would suffer infinitely more in degradation, disgust and outraged sensibilities by its abolition.

The *Herald* is mistaken. It is only among the property-holders, and especially the slaveholders, of the South that our submissionists, compromisers and doughfaces would be found. The election of an abolition President would set the whole non-slaveholding portion of the South on fire with resentment. Our non-slaveholding (except a few crazy religionists and lurking Yankee emissaries) would take the lead in urging prompt and summary measures, and in verifying the truth of the paradox that there is often policy in rashness. Among the slaveholders only would be found the craven advocates of expedients, compromises and submission.

No; the *Herald* is precisely wrong. It is precisely the non-slaveholders of the South who are most *incensed at this unnatural effort to raise the negro to their level as a black republican citizen*; and they are the more incensed when they think the non-property-holding classes of the North have become so besotted, ignorant and degraded as not to understand the object of this unnatural movement; or else, understanding, not to have the spirit to oppose it. Time was when the lecturing Abolitionist was tarred and feathered by the non-property-holding classes of the North, because he contended, with Wade, that the negro was equal to the white man—that there ought to be black republican citizens as well as white republican citizens—that general amalgamation would be well-pleasing in the sight of Heaven—that the wedding and bedding of buck negroes with the fair daughters, sisters and sweethearts of the honest mechanics and yeomen is a practice worthy the advocacy of the purest philanthropy and best statesmanship of the North.

But that time has passed away. The olden pride and manly spirit of the Anglo-Saxon is extinguished in the Northern bosom, and the *New York Herald*, which was built up by the contributions of the abolition-hating, coffee-cuffing mechanics and labouring men of the North, is now sold to the negro-worshipping, Black Republican fanaticism—apparently with the sanction of its old bone and sinew patrons. The non-slaveholders of the South, therefore, see nothing in future political association with the non-property-holding classes of the *Heralds* and *Tribunes* North but disgusting degradation, and are ready to take the most summary, effectual and desperate measures for severing their connection with men who acknowledge the negro to be their equal by nature—who wish to vote him to the same political and social rights and republican sovereignties with themselves, and who, not content with these disgusting lengths of self-stultification and self-degradation, are engaged in a fanatical and unnatural crusade against the South, for the elevation of the negro and the degradation of themselves.

Let the *Herald*—let the whole North—depend upon it, that the election of an abolition President would light up a flame of resentment and fury in the non-slaveholding bosom of the South which secession itself could scarcely appease. But we have an abiding faith that this result is a far remote one. We do not believe that the Northern white yeomen and mechanics are yet ready to pronounce at the ballot-box for the negro's equality with the white man. We shall see.

DISSOLUTION OR SUBMISSION—WHAT WILL THE SOUTH DO?

From The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury.

WASHINGTON, Friday, Aug. 8, 1856.

THE *growing probability of the election of Fremont in November*, by the united voice of the Northern people, and *the certainty of the final triumph of the Black Republican party, even if defeated now*, suggest, and suggest powerfully, the immediate importance of considering the issue which must, sooner or later, be presented to us. The crisis which Calhoun predicted is at hand!

Are we prepared for it? Have we, while defending the outworks—the constitutional barriers which surround us—been preparing also for the assault which is, sooner or later, to be made by the invaders? Has the wisdom of Calhoun been as good seed even in his beloved South Carolina—that noble old State of noble men and noble fame—bringing forth tenfold in due season? I will not ask if we have a united South. But there is a united North. This anti-slavery sentiment, so long denied by Southern *national* men (God save the mark), and so long diverted from its course at the North, for *local reasons*, is at last up and determined to do or die. The question has changed in the last two weeks. It is no longer asked: "Will Fremont be elected?" but, "*Will the South resist his election?*" The Baltimore *Clipper* has launched forth on this question, and asserts that the South would submit, and appeals to the good sense, the sober second thought, of the people.

Government is based on one of two principles—mutual interest or force. Mere affection has no more to do with government than with banking. A people, to continue together in a purely political Union, must have, as the law writers have it, mutual interest. There must be a mutual consideration, or the contract cannot stand. Where is the unity of interest between Iowa and South Carolina?—between Maine and California? If the Union were dissolved to-morrow, on what basis of government would Illinois and Vermont form a compact? The European systems are all based on force, emanating from some sufficient central power, and represented in the ramifications of each department. The American Union was formed for the common welfare and the common defence. This is the written consideration. The distinction of RACE, in antagonism to the distinction of CLASS, is truly an important element in our Republic; but it was purely accidental, and is even now the excuse for the sectional purposes of the Northern States. The people there cannot see that this anti-slavery crusade must either annihilate *us* or Africanize *themselves*. The first would be represented by servile war, blood, fire and the desolation of the fairest portion of the Continent; the other would thoroughly debauch and reduce to a condition of menialage the whites of the North. With such results, just as inevitable as that the sun will rise in the East and set in the West, in November, what is the common bond to bind us, as a people, longer together? The election of Fremont would certainly (if anything ever will) unite the South. And yet *it is a very grave question whether the man's success, accompanied by all the degradation of the principles and platform avowed by his party, would drive the South where she should have gone in* 1850, *and where she must go eventually to preserve her equality and rights—that is, into a separate, compact, united Southern Confederacy.*

It is not a step to be hastily taken, and yet the necessity may come on us as thunder from a clear sky. In time of peace prepare for war. ROLYAB.

From The New Orleans Bulletin.

We have honestly expressed our opinion of the consequences that are to follow the election of Mr. Fremont, should such a deplorable contingency occur. The Northern press have derided, and contemptuously commented upon, the remark made by Mr. Fillmore, in his Albany speech, that the South would not submit to the election of Fremont. It is, nevertheless, the stubborn truth; and every Southern man, reluctantly and fearfully, is constrained to admit the fact. *The election of Mr. Fremont per se is not to be the immediate and direct cause of a disruption between the North and the South, but the measures of public policy that will inevitably follow such an election will occasion the dreadful rupture.* The election of Fremont and nothing more would be to the Free Soil party a barren triumph. Personally, he is a mere cypher, and so the party regard him; but his election will be the success and triumph of a principle. It secures the ascendency forever of Free Soilism, and, as a natural consequence, the division of the Union into anti-slavery and pro-slavery sections.

We are just as well satisfied in our own mind that the election of Buchanan, and in the same way, but perhaps not as precipitately, will be followed by the same results.

BLACK REPUBLICANISM PUT DOWN.

From The Wheeling (Va.) Argus, Aug 16.

OUR readers are aware that there has been an effort on foot in Wheeling to organize a Fremont and Dayton club. It is also known that their meetings had been private heretofore, and that there was no public notice made of their proceedings until last week, when they were published in the city papers. It was then announced that there would be a public meeting at the Melodeon. From the time our citizens were authoritatively informed of the design, there has been a general disapprobation of the movement felt. In fact, if the leaders were aware of the state of sentiment that prevailed in the community in regard to them, they manifested a most fool-hardy spirit in persisting in carrying out their intention to hold a meeting of the kind they proposed. If they were not informed in this behalf, they should have been, because it was a topic of common conversation upon the streets and elsewhere. Be this as it may, according to the published notice, they assembled at the Melodeon last night with the intent of proceeding regularly with their business. At an early stage of the proceedings it became apparent that the pent-up indignation of the citizens would be vented, and that the Black Republican cause would receive a sudden check in Wheeling. Here again was an omen that could not have been misunderstood, and should have warned the leaders to have abandoned their folly, but it was not heeded. From the letters that were read, purporting to have been written by persons in other parts of the State, and in other States, it was evident that the *twenty-five* who were assembled in the hall were seriously at work, with the intention of bringing upon the Old Commonwealth as much disrepute as their feeble efforts could, and give the Union-dissolvers an opportunity of pointing to Virginia and saying, even there they have sympathizers and co-labourers in their damnable heresies. *But here, as elsewhere, in the good old Commonwealth, the "shriekers for Freedom" have been put down by a healthy public sentiment, and, it is believed, in such a manner that they will not appear before the public again.* The odium which they have brought upon themselves will adhere to them as long as they live, and be transmitted to their posterity after them.

About 8 1-2 o'clock the "shriekers" were prepared to hear a speech, and called upon a vagrant doctor by the name of Smith. He is a man of notoriously bad character, a fact well known here and elsewhere, and a fact which increased the excitement which before prevailed in the hall. As he proceeded, the excitement ran higher and higher until the obtuse perceptibilities of the factionists led them to come to the conclusion that *they would undoubtedly be pretty roughly handled in a short time.* Consequently, many of them thought prudence the better part of valour and made their exit. After the harangue was concluded, not half of the original number of "shriekers" was to be seen, and the hall was pretty well filled with other persons. At the adjournment the citizens retired in an orderly manner to the street, and awaited the appearance of Smith. When he came out, he was greeted with the jeers and groans of the citizens, receiving occasionally a practical demonstration of the affection they had for him *in the way of sundry kicks and knocks.* At this time he was surrounded by some of his friends, who shortly after became lost in the crowd, and he was left almost alone in his glory. He began to think of escaping after he had reached the Post-office corner, which is about a square and a half from the hall door, and made an attempt to run, *when the crowd gathered upon him and a general skirmish ensued, in which wounds were inflicted on two gentlemen, Mr. Ward and Mr. Harding.* The latter is a young man who was not in any way connected with the affair, and received his wound, which was upon the hand, accidentally. Mr. Ward's wound is of a very serious nature, but is not regarded as mortal. During the *melée* Smith made his way up Market street, and succeeded in taking refuge in the McLure House, where he was arrested and privately taken by the officers and lodged in jail. The most intense excitement prevailed among our citizens when it was known that Mr. Ward had been stabbed; *and if they could have then got Smith in their power, he would have had the full benefit of Judge Lynch's law.* He is now in jail awaiting a preliminary examination, and quiet is again restored to our city.

After what occurred last night, we think *it will be a long time before the shriekers will find another man with hardihood enough to attempt to make another public speech in this community*, and that their aspirations for rendering themselves ridiculous are fully satisfied. If not, they will not come off so easily at the next effort.

From The Wheeling Daily Times, Aug. 18.

Whatever may be the right of persons to establish Fremont Associations in Virginia, we regard this attempt of these men at the present time as unwise and unfortunate. They have incorporated in it sentiments which are at present regarded as the exciting sectional, Abolition sentiment (and whether it is such or not, we shall not pause here to discuss); and they have associated with them men living in an adjoining State, who are not affected by our political State institutions, and have no business to come here and meddle with them. *We know there are many men in our midst who think slavery an evil, more on account of the white man than the negro, and favour a system of wise, peaceable and gradual emancipation. Such men are to be found in abundance in the South.* But this Association *proposes nothing of the kind*, and we are constrained to believe that this latter class of men did not and will not coöperate with any such Association, gotten up at a time of dangerous excitement, with all the odour of well-known Abolition intermeddlers clinging to its garments. It can do no possible good, and is pregnant with the most alarming evils. Whatever Virginia may do in the future, *she is not now prepared for Fremont Associations*, with all the old Abolition elements and champions, and all the old heresies and exploded fanaticisms, rag, tag and bob-tail, mustered under his banners. The gradual emancipationists, and the opponents of the Kansas-Nebraska bill—even the opponents of more slave territory—*don't wish anything to do with Fremont congregations, and there is an overwhelming sentiment in the State which will put them down, wherever they are attempted.*

From The Wheeling Intelligencer, Aug. 18.

We were absent from the city on Friday night, and consequently did not witness the proceedings of the Republican Association, which terminated so unfortunately. One gentleman was cut in the side, and a young man was cut in the hand, during the *melée*, by Dr. G. P. Smith, the speaker of the meeting. He met with rough handling and had to be taken to jail for safety. We do not give the particulars, as we hear such a contrariety of statements about the matter, and we do not know any good that will result to any one by our sifting the affair. We took occasion, the other day, to express our sorrow that this little band should attempt in Virginia an organization whose aims are at war with the institutions of Virginia, and the event has proved that the remark we then made, that "no good could come from it," is more than verified. We are at a loss to know how men can come from the North and settle in Virginia *without the determination to be true to Virginia.* No one compels them to come; and if they come voluntarily, it ought to be that they become good citizens, prepared to uphold the State and her laws. Such is sometimes not the case.

We hope that the effort is dead, and we hope that no resort will be had to violence by our citizens, even if they do attempt to organize. We deprecate all such efforts, however well intended. The laws of the State are ample for her protection, and we always prefer an appeal to them to any other method. We are not surprised that our citizens are incensed at this Republican effort. It was a bravado which was uncalled for, and the movers were mostly Northern men or Englishmen, some of them not having yet acquired citizenship. This effort, we think, was, therefore, most ill-timed, and we hope that *we will hear no more of Fremont in Virginia.* The sentiment of our citizens is manifest, and we hope that the little organization will take warning and not force upon our citizens sentiments which they do not approve of, or compel them to witness an effort at war with the institutions of a State to which we owe allegiance. If the effort is continued, more serious events may follow, which all law-abiding citizens must deprecate.

MORE HONOURS TO BROOKS.

From The Newberry (S. C.) Mirror.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., Aug. 7, 1856.

MR. EDITOR: Yesterday our immediate Representative in Congress, Hon. P. S. Brooks, completed his thirty-seventh year; and it was my good fortune to be one of a pleasant party of his friends, assembled to dine with him on the occasion. The party consisted of Judge Butler, Gen. Lane, Gen. Quitman, Col. Davis, Secretary of War, Judge Douglas, Mr. Edmundson, Mr. Bocock, Mr. Clingman and myself. Colonels Brooks, Orr and Keitt mess together, and live very handsomely. I do not remember when I passed a few hours of more pleasure; and while at the table an incident unexpectedly occurred, which to relate is the object of this communication. Towards the close of the feast, Gen. Quitman rose, and, in behalf of the citizens of Holmes County, Mississippi, presented Col. Brooks a beautiful cane, and uttered, at the time, a few remarks, with which all present were so pleasingly impressed that I appealed to him to furnish me with an abstract of what he had said for publication, where the constituents of Col. Brooks may read the judgment of a veteran warrior of the man who bears in honour the flag of the "'96" District.

Gen Quitman rose and spoke in substance as follows:

"I ask permission of the gentlemen present to avail myself of this opportunity to perform a duty with which I have been charged by the citizens of Holmes County, Mississippi; it is to present my friend who sits at the head of the table this beautiful cane, with the approving resolutions which accompany their gift. Capt. Brooks (for I prefer the title which brings back to memory my association with you in the service of our country), this cane has been forwarded to me by a committee of citizens of Holmes County, Mississippi, as a token of respect and approval, accompanied by the following resolutions: [Which we have published on a former occasion.]

"Sir, the approval of such men should be a full compensation for the abuse which has, from certain quarters, been heaped on your head. In point of character, intelligence, and high and refined sense of honour, the gentlemen whose names are associated with these resolutions have no superiors. You may justly be proud of their approval of your conduct. They have honoured me by selecting me as the organ of this presentation to yourself. I know that their gift is bestowed upon one who is worthy of it—one who is incapable of a dishonourable act. I recall to mind the young and almost beardless officer, who, as Captain in the gallant Palmetto Regiment in Mexico, while under my command, was remarkable for his gallantry, and for the performance of every duty in the camp and in the field, sharing with his men the privations of both spheres—nor can I forget, sir, that in the last bloody fields of that campaign, the blood of four of your kinsmen flowed to secure the brilliant victories of our arms; or that in the last terrible charge on the Garita-de-Belin, your nearest surviving kinsman gallantly fell within the fortifications of the enemy. I will not, now, dwell upon the sad recollection of those events. I will only add that I unite with my friends of Holmes County in their high estimate of you personally, and also in their approval of the honourable and proper sentiments which actuated you in vindicating the honour of your State and the character of your venerable relative, upon the occasion to which they refer."

Col. Brooks, accepting the gift, said that *his feelings would not permit him then to respond to what had been addressed to him*, but he would reply by letter, when he could better command his thoughts. His reply to Gen. Quitman (a copy of which was kindly furnished me) is as follows:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Aug. 7, 1856.

MY DEAR GEN.: I could not trust myself yesterday to reply to your kind and complimentary remarks upon presenting to me the beautiful cane which my friends of Holmes County, Mississippi, had commissioned you to present in their name.

Under ordinary circumstances, I would have replied on the instant to your address. But I was not ordinarily situated.

Yesterday was my birth-day. The morning had been devoted to a successful effort to restore amicable relations between two gentlemen, each of whom have qualities which endear them to their friends and make them valuable citizens of any community.

My heart was full with the feeling that, in connection with others, I had contributed to do good on a day so interesting to myself. This was the mood in which you found me, and when "my old commander," under whose eye I had served in a foreign land, presented a testimonial of approval from strangers and expressed words of compliment to me as a man, as a soldier and a representative, I could find no words to speak in the tumult of feeling which possessed me.

I now request you to tender my grateful acknowledgments to those you represent, and accept yourself assurances of my profoundest esteem and affectionate regards.

Gen. QUITMAN, present. P. S. BROOKS.

His calm, dignified and chivalric bearing throughout the whole excitement, growing out of the chastisement of Senator Sumner, has won for Colonel Brooks "golden opinions from all classes of the people"; but to retain the good opinion of his gallant chief in other days, who has closely watched his every step under these most trying circumstances, is the highest possible testimonial of the correctness of his course.

His constituents have reason to feel proud of their Representative. C. H. S.

BROOKS IN HIS SEAT AGAIN.

From The Edgefield (S. C.) Advertiser, Aug. 13.

OUR member, Col. Brooks, reappeared in the House of Representatives on the first day of the present month, and, being qualified, took his seat. The congratulations of many friends and the mortified scowls of many enemies awaited him. Some of the Black Republicans, indignant at the unanimity and universality of his return, affected to doubt whether he ought to be let in; but even their brassy impudence did not dare attempt any action in that direction. They will soon see, in the high courtesy and gentlemanly demeanour of the member from South Carolina, cause to blush at their insensate conduct towards him; while it is to be hoped they may profit by the lesson of "*Noli me tangere*" which he has so opportunely, so fairly and so squarely administered unto them. For one, *we trust that Southern members generally will hereafter imitate the example of Col. Brooks* in resenting promptly and forcibly all such gross insults to themselves or their constituencies, as were those which impelled our Representative to his late course of action. Call it ruffianly, call it half-civilized, call it unchristian if you will, *it is imperatively demanded by the necessities of the times*, and is, perhaps, the only means of insuring for our section and its rights any reasonable degree of respect and consideration at the hands of the fanatic usurpers who now control the Federal House of Representatives. In his seat again by a tremendous vote of approbation, the case of Brooks *is but a prototype of what would occur under similar circumstances in every Congressional District of the South.* The universal feeling is one of weariness and disgust with the coarse taunts and libelous flings of foul-mouthed abolitionism; and what the Fourth Congressional District of South Carolina says to her immediate Representative, in the present instance, will be echoed back by the hearts of the whole Southern people from the Potomac to the Rio Grande: "*If you have nature in you, bear it not.*"

INCENDIARY PUBLICATIONS.

From The Mobile Register, Aug 17.

WITHIN the last three or four days considerable excitement has existed in the community, growing out of the discovery that publications of an incendiary and insurrectionary character were being vended in this city, by Messrs. Strickland & Upson, booksellers. In consequence of this discovery, a meeting of some of our best, calmest and most influential citizens was called to consider the propriety of taking some action in the matter, with the view of protecting the community, by the prompt suppression of the evil. A committee was appointed to investigate the matter, and, after a careful, deliberate and thorough investigation, they reported to a second meeting that they had arrived at the conclusions stated below.

The character of the evidence and of the books brought before the committee is such that it would be unsafe and dangerous to make them public. It was, therefore, determined simply to announce the conclusions at which they had arrived.

The following are the conclusions attained by the committee, which have been handed us for publication:

1. That Messrs. Strickland & Upson have wilfully and intentionally deceived the meeting in regard to the procurement and sale of the books in question, and that their statements on the subject, in view of the existing facts of the case, clearly ascertained, are little better than a tissue of falsehoods throughout.

2. That these two persons are either on principle Abolitionists, and anxious to propagate their faith on that subject among slaves and slaveowners, or,

3. They are unscrupulous and unprincipled speculators, without any just sense of moral responsibility, and willing to make money by the indiscriminate sale of any and every kind of book, to any and everybody.

In either case they are dangerous persons in a slaveholding community, and ought to be ejected from it.

It is, however, desirable for the purposes of exact justice, and in order to preserve that exalted conservative character which has always distinguished Southern communities, that this ejection should be peaceable and without the least personal violence; and the committee would deprecate as the last of evils, and as a stain upon Southern character, any resort to violence, or any excess in accomplishing the end proposed.

The committee, therefore, recommend that three persons be appointed to wait on Messrs. William Strickland and Edwin Upson, and announce the conclusion at which the meeting has arrived, and to inform them that unless they leave the city within five days, we cannot guarantee their personal safety.

The report of the committee was unanimously adopted, and, in pursuance of it, three gentlemen were appointed to wait upon Messrs. Strickland & Upson. Yesterday morning these gentlemen proceeded to the store of Messrs. Strickland & Upson, and ascertained that they had already left the city.

It is proper that we should state that we are informed that both Strickland and Upson were present at the first meeting, and were heard in their defence.

While the high character of the gentlemen who composed the meeting afforded an ample guaranty to all who were cognizant of the facts that everything would be done "decently and in order," we are yet gratified to know that all cause for further excitement is removed by the prompt departure of these men.

The firm and prompt, yet moderate, course pursued by the Committee is worthy of all praise. It is calculated to produce a high moral effect, and will be cordially endorsed and sustained by the entire community.

The following is a list of the gentlemen present at the meeting: Dr. J. C. Nott, Hon. John Bragg, Rev. W. Hawthorn, Dr. J. H. Woodcock, Dr. H. S. Levert, Wm. F. Cleveland, A. Brooks, Joseph Sewell, Hon. A. P. Bagby, A. G. Humphreys, H. W. Broadnax, J. S. Secor, H. B. Holcombe, Dr. Mastin, John Mann, Hon. J. W. Lesesne, Dr. G. A. Ketchum, Wm. Boyles, Esq., G. H. Daughdrill, John Scott, Jacob Magee, Dr. F. A. Ross, Joseph E. Murrell, R. C. Macy, Hon. E. S. Dargan, Wm. Harris, John Hall, Godard Bailey, S. C. Stramler.

The Examining Committee was composed of the following gentlemen: Hon. J. W. Lesesne, Dr. J. C. Nott, Hon. John Bragg, Dr. H. S. Levert, Dr. J. H. Woodcock, J. S. Secor, Esq.

The committee who were appointed to wait on Messrs. Strickland & Co. were Dr. J. C. Nott, Dr. H. S. Levert, and Wm. F. Cleveland, Esq.

From The Mobile Tribune, Aug. 17.

How long they [Strickland and Upson] have been engaged in it, it is not now possible to tell, but there is great reason to believe that it has run through several years. For some weeks suspicion has attached to them; but evidences justifying an investigation were obtained only a few days ago. The matter was then taken in hand by a committee composed of some of the most respectable and discreet citizens, who met from day to day and advanced step by step to the conclusions on which they have acted. The guilty parties were examined, and every facility was given to them to justify themselves. Their defence, however, only further criminated them. Finally, after a thorough examination, the most complete proofs were found of their guilt.

These men—especially the leading partner of the house, Mr. Strickland—have lived many years within this State. They came hither very poor, and, by the generosity of our people, had built up a successful and profitable business—Mr. Strickland, it is thought, was worth at least $50,000—and before them there was a prosperous career, which, in a few years, would have secured to them an ample fortune. It is a little difficult to suppose that men in this condition would jeopardize their present interests, to say nothing of those of the future, in order to pander to the wicked spirit of Abolitionism. They are not, apparently, the men likely to do this, and were probably bent on nothing more than thrift. They desired to make money; and it was not a question, perhaps, of much moment with them how they made it. And in this mercenary spirit they committed the great crime for which they will pay so heavy and just a penalty.

After a fair, but rigid, investigation by the Committee, its conclusion was that they were unfit to remain within the city; and thus, charitably, and, it seems to us, justly, it was determined that they should be requested to leave within five days. A delegation accordingly proceeded to their store, in order to report to them personally this decision; but the culprits were not to be found, and it was afterward learned that both of them had fled. Strickland, on Friday evening, proceeded in the storm then prevailing to the Light-house below the city, and there was put on board of a schooner, which immediately hoisted sail and disappeared. Of what has become of his partner, Upson, we have no certain information. He probably, by this time, has put a long distance between himself and this outraged community.

Our own judgment runs with this decision of the Committee. But there are others who think that too much leniency has been shown to the culprits; and as we can sympathize with a little excess of virtue, we are not disposed to censure these persons. It is no time to be over calm when one finds a man applying the torch to his house; and it were a virtue to shoot the incendiary in the act rather than permit him to escape in efforts to arrest him according to the ordinary process of law.

But, in the defence of the action in this case, it may be truly said that there was no evidence of a disposition on the part of these culprits to fire our house; but that they were only, for their own profit, vending the materials which might lead to a conflagration.

Under these circumstances there was, with propriety, formality used in the investigation of this affair; and it has resulted in ridding the city of two pernicious men, and furnishing a lesson which may have a salutary influence on others as guilty as they, but as yet undiscovered. The lesson, we trust, will have its proper effect, for it is not possible that other men can escape so

Chairman, which was carried. Mr. Allen came upon the bench. We shook hands, passed the usual compliments, and spoke of the weather. He then took his seat immediately under the the picture above described. John Hass then nominated Samuel C. Williams as Secretary. Carried.

"The Chairman arose and remarked that *he did not know the object* of the meeting, and that some one would have to state it. The Secretary, Samuel C. Williams, performed that part of the service. And as you may not remember the man by name, I will describe him. He is a man of medium size, with black, curly hair and black eyes, sharp, sallow face, stoop-shouldered, long, bony fingers, and may be known by his frequently disgusting the company he is in by picking his ears with a pin and smelling it. His whole appearance is as mean as the act he was then engaged in.

"He arose much agitated, and commenced with a perfect windmill tilt against the Abolitionists, Black Republicans, &c. He reminded me of the boy retaliating upon his playmate by calling him *black* negro. He seemed to have a contemptuous opinion of everything black; for when he wished to apply an odious epithet, he invariably used the word *black*. It is surprising to me that he has not had the colour of his hair and eyes changed to suit his taste. He stated that George Rye had served as one of the Vice-Presidents in the *Black* Republican Convention at Philadelphia, and had done many wonderful things. That this community had cherished this viper in their bosoms, and that it had now become intolerable and must be cast out. Indeed! And the time had come when they must take the law into their own hands, or step outside of law, and constitute themselves the law-makers, the judges and executioners of the law for the County of Shenandoah. Bah! The most remarkable fact of all was, that this man, though attempting to enlighten his hearers, did not touch upon the questions now before the people of the United States. He did not name Kansas, nor did he read one article of the Republican platform, nor anything from a Republican paper, for it was the very last thing he dared do, because such a reading would have proved to the satisfaction of every one present that there was not a particle of truth in anything he said. He contented himself with repeating a set of stale old charges that have been exploded throughout all civilization long years ago.

"I had an oblique view of this gentleman's face, and his eyes turned in every direction but to the point at which I sat. The reason, perhaps, was he was afraid of the fate of Ananias and Sapphira.

"At the conclusion of this short speech, the orator moved that a committee be appointed by the Chairman to draft resolutions, &c. The committee was accordingly appointed and retired. While they were out, the Chairman passed by me to go off the bench, and remarked that it was 'very warm up here.' Well, I thought so myself, but as he was engaged in very warm business, it was perhaps more oppressive to him. The committee returned and reported a preamble and resolutions, calling on Mr. Rye to leave the State at once, through their Chairman, S. C. W. Mr. Charles Welsh, one of the committee, moved their adoption, and the motion was carried by a very meager vote. I do not think there were ten persons at any time who took part in the meeting.

"The Secretary of the meeting and Chairman of the Committee moved that the proceedings of the meeting be published in the papers of the State, &c. When the Chairman was about to put this to vote, I remarked to him in an undertone that they ought to send me a copy. He hesitated a moment, and then addressed himself to the Secretary in a mumbling way that I wanted a copy. The reply I could not distinctly hear, but I am told by a friend who sat near the Secretary that it was that I could 'get it in the papers.' The question was then put and carried, also a motion to adjourn.

"At this stage of the proceedings I was expecting a regular breakdown; but 'not a drum was heard, not a funeral note!' Friend and foe seemed to open ranks in silence to let those hucksters in other men's rights pass into eternal political infamy. I kept my seat until these good Democratic Republicans skulked out of the hall of Liberty and Justice; for, mark you, they were all professed Democrats—Buchanan men. It was proclaimed with a loud voice in front of the Court-house, by a Democrat, that Abolitionists and Know-Nothings were not wanted there. But this I for one disregarded.

"I passed out of the Court-house into the yard, conversed a few minutes with several gentlemen, crossed the street to my house, and took a chair in front of the door, when a little circle seated themselves around me. I had not been there more than two minutes before the Southern Methodist preacher came and assumed a listening attitude within ten feet of me; and I presume the poor fellow heard enough, for my wife, who was sitting in the hall, made her remarks for special application. And that you may judge whether this man is as successful in the ministry as were Paul and Silas, who, by their wonderful works, made the jailor of old to cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?' I will inform you that the modern to whom I referred above, three days after he had feasted this modern preacher, used the following language, in an advertisement in one of our papers:

"'HO, ALL YE NAPPY HEADS!—The subscriber wishes to purchase about Fifty Likely Young NEGROES of both sexes. For sound and healthy Men and Women, Boys and Girls, the highest cash prices will be given. Those having such property to dispose of, in any of the adjoining Counties, can address the subscriber at Woodstock, Va.

"'July 10, 1856. PETER E HOUSHOUR.'

"And also to show you the calibre of this disciple, I insert his toast, which he got another person to write, and, though not drank at the celebration on the Fourth, was handed to the editor after this meeting on the 7th, to be published with those that were drank:

"'*By Peter E. Houshour:* The Abolitionists of Shenandoah—May they be lathered with aquafortis, shaved with a hand-saw, ornamented with a coat of tar and feathers, and have the pleasure of riding upon the soft side of a white-oak rail!'

"Some of the men who took part in this meeting had, but a few hours before, taken an oath to support the laws and Constitution of this Commonwealth; in their proceedings they say they intend to violate them. But of this we shall see. Everything has been quiet here since and we enjoy the farce admirably.

"Very respectfully, GEORGE RYE.

"The Rev. James S. Davis."

If the mob attempt to carry out their lawless resolutions, they will find a much larger number of friends of free discussion than they expect. They will not make the attempt. Western Virginia feels the tyrannous rule of that portion east of the Blue Ridge, and inwardly rejoices when one is found bold enough to cry out against it.

JAS. SCOTT DAVIS.

REPUTATION OF AMERICA IN EUROPE.

CHRISTIANIA, Norway, June 20.

TRAVELLING in Europe is not at all to an American what it was five years ago. Then America was the ideal everywhere to free-thinking and aspiring men. The oppressed looked hopefully to it; the philosopher found the confirmation of his theories of human liberty there; the hard-working, the politically degraded, the idealists, the struggling masses, felt that the Western Republic was especially for them; and even if they could never share its privileges, they were happy that humanity had at length looked on such a glorious effort. The reports of the common freedom, of the education of the masses, of the high morality prevailing, came over even exaggerated, and silenced the enemies of popular rights, and converted many doubtful. One felt the effect of all this, as a traveller. You were not alone; you were the representative of the best thoughts and aspirations of mankind. The warm hand grasping yours welcomed not you, but a Nation of freemen.

The rich did not condemn, because property and person had been better shielded under the Republic than under European monarchies. The poor, the labourers, were especially your friends, for was not your land the very land which elevated labour?

All this is quite different now. You are treated politely as a stranger; or you are welcomed more or less for what you personally are, but for your country among the populace of Europe you get no welcome. The glory has departed.

Within five years, *Uncle Tom* and the works succeeding, and, most of all, our own papers, have opened the eyes of Europe to our real situation, and, as often happens, the people see nothing but our sins. We are simply now a tricky, jobbing, half-barbaric people, where the worst political corruption of the Old World exists without its refinement; and where brutality, rowdyism and unlimited despotism have in certain quarters free play.

Our politicians and diplomats are despised; our Constitution is sneered at, as inflicting upon us the most disgraceful legislators; and the labouring class and the democrats know that within our limits a more abominable tyranny over labour and free speech and thought exists than the worst despotisms of the Continent ever exhibited. There is nothing now in our situation to dazzle the world. They see with clear eye our blackest sins and our miserable political jobbing.

To-day a leader appears of some length in the Christiania *Aften Bladet*, with the following mild opening: "The scandal in the North American Senate, which has aroused such feelings of excitement, it appears to us, in its treatment by the Senate, the press and the public meetings, shows a greater degree of general brutality even than the scene itself between Brooks and Sumner."

Then it gives us the scene between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Butler, where the latter says, "You are a liar," and follows this by quoting at length two atrocious articles, disgraceful to South Sea Islanders, from the *Richmond Whig*, and the *Examiner*, approving of the assault.

It closes with a sarcastic remark, on the respect due to American institutions. For my own part, unpleasant as the change is in the public sympathy and respect for us, I am glad of it. We have had the world's applause too long. We need the frown. Besides, how can men in distant countries, and engaged in petty questions of state or commerce, judge on those mighty struggles, whose scum only appears on the surface of American affairs! Yet never does one love his country so as in hearing this universal voice of condemnation. At home, one does not think much of patriotism. But when you see from a distance the grand nature of the experiment made in your own country, and when you behold the dark storms that threaten, you say, as you never could say before, "I belong to her, and with her fall will I fall."

Stormy years are at hand. May true and staunch men be found. The next five years may decide our destinies. It is the old European struggle over again, between Freedom and Despotism. God help to justice!—*C. L. Brace—Independent.*

A DARK CLOUD.

[Rev. Arthur B. Bradford, a minister of the Free Presbyterian Church, in a political letter addressed to Samuel McFarland, thus refers to what he regards as the chief obstacle to the election of Fremont.]

THE only dark cloud I see on the horizon is the influence of the pro-slavery and hunker clergy in the large denominations. An oligarchy controls the nation, and an oligarchy controls the Church. The country is beginning to feel the deadly influence upon practical Christianity of the eleemosynary system of educating a ministry. A large majority of preachers in some of the leading denominations are victims to their former poverty. They have been educated on the funds of the Church during their Academical, Collegiate and Theological course, and thus they *belong* to the Church. They know the truth in their hearts and would like to utter it with their lips if they dared. But the most of them are mere satellites that revolve round their primary bodies, the Doctors of Divinity, and reflect a borrowed light. Should any one of them declare his independence, and open his mouth for the injured and the dumb, he would soon be brought to his humility by being reminded of his obligations and his ingratitude. And thus the world witnesses the strange anomaly of the people making their *politics purer than their religion*—debarring slavery, as a crime and a curse, from polluting and damning the Territories of the nation, while it is defended in the pulpit and in treatises as a Bible institution, and receives the right hand of Christian fellowship at the communion table. Yes, the controlling, pro-slavery influence in the Church is as deadly as death itself, in its hostility to the anti-slavery reform. It worships the God Hunker, through the medium of *ecclesiasticism*. It can look upon the wrongs of Kansas, the outrages in Washington, and the great crime committed upon the life of the soul, as it is practised upon four millions of the American people, with tearless eye and stony heart. And when, by going a whoring after the gods of the Egyptians, these priests of a slaveholding religion beget the most dangerous form of infidelity the world has ever produced, they have the brazen impudence to turn round and curse their own progeny, and even charge the paternity of their bastard upon other people. If we could only collect the whole of this Hunker clergy into a regiment, and march them off to the White Hills of New Hampshire, and keep them there among the fogs and damps of that congenial region until the election is over, we could sweep the nation like a tornado. Give us a chance at the heads and hearts of their people—let us bring before them the great question now at issue, whether God or Satan shall rule paramount in Church and State, and they will respond as they ought. Truth is an emanation from God himself, and where it has access to the mind will prevail. But if, when we rouse them up during the week, warm and awaken the generous instincts of their souls, they go on the Sabbath and take two sittings under the deadly night-shade of Hunker preaching, Buchanan will mount the chariot and drive the nation into ruin, unless Providence interpose. However, in the midst of all the discouragement, there is hope. I have still an abiding faith in God, who controls the hearts of all flesh and turns them as the rivers of waters; that in answer to the prayers of our fathers which are now recorded in Heaven, and in answer to those that are now wafted to the skies with the incense of a daily offering, He will pardon our national sins, give us a heart and a hand to break every yoke, and make us a united, a prosperous and a Christian people.

FRIENDS IN KANSAS.

From The Friends' Review.

BELIEVING that it would be acceptable to the readers of the *Review* to know something of the situation of Friends in Kansas, I have been induced to offer a brief sketch. There are about twenty families of Friends in this Territory, who are scattered in various localities, embracing a wide extent of country. Five families, including about twenty-five members, are on the waters of Stranger Creek, nearly ten miles in a westerly direction from Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri River. They hold a meeting for worship on First days. There are six families, and thirty members, on the Potawatomie Creek, a branch of the Osage River, near the 38th parallel of north latitude, and about seventy miles nearly south from the settlement on Stranger Creek, and fifty miles south from Kansas City, the nearest point on the Missouri River. A meeting for worship is held here on First days. The other Friends in the Territory are widely scattered, there being one, two and three families in a place.

We feel our position to be a peculiarly trying one. Under the present excited and unsettled state of things in Kansas, it is not likely that other Friends will soon join us by immigration, and we do not feel at liberty to leave the Territory, critical as the state of things around us may seem to be. Under the gross outrages and grievous wrongs which are imposed upon the people of Kansas, it requires close exercise of faith for a man of peace to maintain his principles. It is not in human nature to maintain the right kind of feelings towards the wicked perpetrators of the wrongs we suffer. It is only by a close exercise of Christian faith that this can be done; and supposing one to have gained the victory over wrong in his own breast, his work is but half accomplished. If defensive warfare *could* be justified in any case, it would seem to be so in the present one; and while the people in Kansas, generally, are preparing for defence, and calling upon all to do the same, the advocates of peace can but feel themselves placed in a trying position, not knowing at what hour they may be called upon to test their faith in the principles of peace. We know not but that we may be required to seal our testimonies with our blood. Some of our number have been threatened with violence, but, so far as we are certainly informed, none has yet been offered, though it is rumoured that one Friend in a distant part has been shot, but not mortally wounded. We are sensible that our position is one liable to trial, and calling for the sympathies and judicious counsel of our brethren. Doubtless it is only by a strict adherence to Christian faith, and dwelling near the Father of Mercies, that we shall be enabled to pursue the right course.

RICHARD MENDENHALL.

Crescent-Hill, near Osawatomie, Kansas, 7 mo. 27, 1856.

A SERMON WITH BACKBONE IN IT.

From The Portland Transcript.

REV. D. M. CONWAY, of Washington city, the Unitarian clergyman who has gained much celebrity of late from the bold manner in which he has spoken of slavery and kindred matters, preached in the Park Street Church in this city, on Sunday last. He took his text from the third verse of the thirteenth chapter of St. Luke—"I tell you, Nay"—and the discourse was equal to the reputation of the speaker. It was full of sharp-pointed sentences, ringing with the might of truth. The aim of the discourse was to show the importance of the proper use of the little word, *No*. The speaker showed how many of the young have been lost from their inability to say No to temptation and persuasion. *No*, he said, was one of the best words in the language, though the cruel or wicked might abuse it. He showed the necessity of its use in the political world, and said that it was better than all compromises. Compromises were made because men could not say No, and are broken for the same reason. Yet the word need not be used in an unkind spirit. The No of unkindness is red in the face, but the No of earnest conviction has a countenance mild and serene. It may seem harsh and abrupt, but all noise is music a mile off! Listen to the melody of the great Noes of history ringing through the halls of Time—the No of Daniel as he stepped into the lion's den; the No of Luther as he defied the Pope; the No of Washington as he opposed a despotism that can never be reëstablished so long as we forget not the use of the word that destroyed it. How musically do these *Noes*, which then were so discordant, now fall upon our ears! But it is not polite to say No! Politeness, that miserable French word, used to cover all falseness and insincerity! Is it impolite to speak the truth when duty calls? Such half-way phrases as "I'll see about it!" "Not just yet," "I'll think of it," have ruined thousands whom a firm No would have saved.

The discourse was marked by fine illustrations, and earnest expression, and showed its author to be a deep-thinking and noble-hearted man. He was severe on all unworthy compliances, and spoke of the atmosphere of lies in which we sit, waiting for the light of an electric No to pierce the thick air and give us a breath of reviving truth.

After the sermon, the preacher made a statement respecting the condition of the Unitarian church in Washington, and its need of aid to rebuild its house of worship. A collection in furtherance of this object was taken up.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS was born a slave on a Maryland plantation, never knew his father, lost his mother while still a child, and was subjected to the roughest usage as a field-hand and ship-caulker until he was about twenty years of age, when he ran away from bondage and began to work his way through the world. Though all the education he ever had was obtained by stealth—it being utterly forbidden by such law and gospel as they have in Maryland to teach a slave to read the Bible—and though belonging to a race of which it is currently reported that the individuals "cannot take care of themselves," he has achieved a fair living ever since, whereas one chief recollection of his boyhood is that of perpetual hunger and an insufficiency of the coarsest food.

Frederick Douglass has written the record of his life, entitled "My Bondage and My Freedom," the essential truth of which no man controverts. This record of a poor slave's infancy and boyhood, of his self-emancipation, and of his subsequent free manhood, forms a volume which many thousands have read with profound interest and a swelling hope of a nobler and happier future for his long crushed and down-trodden race.

But the Slave Power cannot afford to have Mr. Douglass's Memoir circulated and read in its dark dominions. It cannot answer him, but it can mob and maltreat those who circulate his book. This it has just done to Messrs. Strickland & Upson, the Mobile stationers. Their offence, for which they have been chased out of Mobile, consists simply in selling copied of Douglass's book to those who asked for it. "The very head and front of their offending hath this extent—no more." They live by selling books; and, this book being in demand, they procured some copies of it and kept it for sale to those who asked for it. They did not advertise nor placard it; and, although a pretence is set up that a copy was sold to a slave, we see no evidence of this.

We assume it to be a fact that slavery cannot afford to let Douglass's Memoir be circulated among its victims; wherefore we do not blame its votaries for suppressing that work. The wrong is in slavery itself, not in the suppression of truth and free discussion, which its existence requires. We do not blame the magnates of Mobile, then, for stopping the sale of "My Bondage and My Freedom," but for stopping it by violence and outrage. If there be laws in Alabama against the circulation of such books, let them be duly applied and enforced. The fact that no legal process was issued against these booksellers, no indictment found, and no writ issued, justifies a presumption that there is really no law of Alabama which makes the diffusion of anti-slavery books an offence, and that the whole proceeding against Strickland & Upson has been in violation of law. If slavery thinks it can afford thus to disregard and override the laws which it makes and absolutely controls, so be it; but we think it commits a graver error.—*Tribune.*

A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

From The Portland Transcript.

ON leaving Island Pond, Vt., this morning, Aug. 5th, I noticed a mulatto girl on board the cars, who exhibited a marked anxiety in watching the movements of the gentlemen passengers. Suspecting from her appearance that she was a fugitive, I approached and, in a low voice, indirectly inquired if she was escaping from bondage. She nodded an affirmative and earnestly besought me to inform her whether we were then in Canada. We had crossed the line about fifteen minutes before. On being informed of the fact, she bowed her head and gave a look which spoke more than words the inward gladness of her soul.

Her history, as given by her, is worthy of note. She laboured on a tobacco plantation as a field hand; had been often whipped and otherwise abused by her master, who is her own father! Years ago, she ran away, secreting herself in a thick swamp, where she remained eighteen days; the slavehunters, supposing she was somewhere in the swamp, pursued the chase until the bloodhounds pounced upon her; in the desperate struggle they put their murderous teeth into her throat, the calloused marks of which she showed to me. She was carried back, almost dead, to their plantation, and in due time received a most unmerciful whipping, as the lash marks on her hands indicated. But her spirit was not yet conquered. Watching her opportunity, she again escaped into the woods, secreting herself within its dark retreats until the heat of the chase had subsided. She said she scattered a kind of powder in her pathway which baffled the hounds in scenting her track. She travelled by night. Reaching Baltimore, she found friends who secreted her in the hold of the right vessel bound for Philadelphia. Said vessel on leaving was not smoked out. Arriving safe at the destined port, she in the night crawled from her dark abode, and succeeded again in obtaining the cooperation of friends, who procured her tickets on the cars from place to place into Massachusetts, where she found an asylum in the family of a noted friend of freedom; here, according to what I learned, she was seized with a violent fever, arising from the effects of her recent trials, and was confined several weeks. On recovering, she pursued her journey northward into Portland, where, in wandering about the streets, she met a sea captain with whom she was acquainted, and who she feared would manage to send her back to slavery. Like the frightened deer, she fled to a country village, found a kind protector, who procured her tickets which gave her quick passage into a country where the poor fugitive is free.

On learning that she had but little money, we immediately raised quite a handsome purse. The poor girl was seized with surprise and joy, and, on leaving for Montreal, gave us a very courteous and grateful adieu. This fugitive was from Maryland. How can we boast of Republican Freedom when the daughters of the free seek an asylum in a monarchy? J. O. B.

"Our Committee reported the same about noon, and in about an hour they struck their tents and marched to the enemy's camp. It was a log house, well built, chinked with stone, in a yard containing about half of an acre, surrounded by a rail fence. This fence was used for a fortification, by throwing up turf about three feet high, and digging holes for the men to lie in all around upon the inside of this embankment. On the whole it was a strong place, and two hundred men could fight in it to good advantage. But why did n't they? As our force came in sight, about three miles distant, upon a high bluff, they ran and left their *fort*, as it seemed to be, and took refuge in an adjoining ravine which gave them a wide outlet for escape. They left several hundred dollars worth of provisions, and about fifty muskets, but little ammunition and some camp utensils. Our men marched up, expecting a salute from their breastworks every instant, but the brave Missourians *had run* rather than fight. Their number was about sixty, which was less than before reported. About one hundred of Lane's party, including Dr. Cutter's, were on hand, and seemed to glory in an opportunity to fight so soon for principle. They are a fine-looking set of men, and are of the right stamp to make Kansas free; that is, they have the nerve and the will to hew out their own fortunes freely and boldly.

"To-morrow our camp moves into town, to await further orders. The campaign seems begun. The third—last—monster invasion of Kansas is at hand, and the cry is 'spare not.'"

We give thus the intelligence of all that is positively known to have been done in the Territory since our last issue. Another week will probably bring other news of equal interest. At any rate, the telegraphic smoke continues, which indicates some fire. We give the last one:

LAWRENCE, K. T., Aug. 17, *via* St. Louis, 23d.

Nearly five hundred Free State men marched upon what is called the camp of Colonel Titus yesterday, and took the whole party prisoners. They numbered some twenty in all, defended themselves from the log houses, and wounded ten of our men.

Captain H. J. Schombrec, recently from Richmond, Indiana, cannot survive.

Colonel Titus is badly wounded; others are slightly so.

One hundred dragoons interfered to prevent an attack on Lecompton.

Our force, with their prisoners, have come to town.

Gov. Shannon, Major Sedgwick and Dr. Roderick, of Lecompton, arrived here to-day, demanding the release of the prisoners. After conferences, it was agreed that when they have released six of our prisoners whom they now hold, and have returned the howitzers taken from Lawrence and dispersed all camps of armed men, then we will give up the prisoners.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1856.

KANSAS.

THE daily papers have teemed, during the past week, with news from Kansas of the most belligerent character. A part of the game of the Border Ruffians is to send by telegraph to St. Louis the most exciting and falsest reports of any villany of their own, or any retaliatory measures of their opponents, so that when the truth comes in more authentic channels it shall not be listened to, or, if listened to, shall not be believed. These lying reports go all over the country; and if they are ever corrected at all, it takes, perhaps, a newspaper page to undo the work of a six-lines telegraphic message of a week before. This game has been played with great effect the past week. All sorts of stories have come of the invasion of the Territory by an army of Free State men, of the taking of Lecompton, the rescue and release of Robinson and other prisoners and the defeat of United States troops, all which have turned out to be unmitigated lies, got up to rouse the slave States to sending forward more recruits to Kansas, and to strengthen the virtuous influence already so powerful in the free States, which is terribly shocked and outraged at any fighting on the part of Free State emigrants.

The truth seems to be that, to perfect the plans of the Border Ruffians, the attempt has been made by them to entrench themselves in about a dozen fortified places, which they could make the rendezvous of their new recruits, and the depôts of arms and provisions, so as to command the whole Territory, and out of which they have sent their organized bands, principally for the purpose of highway robbery. The Free State men who had remained there, and some who had made their way in by way of Iowa, were not disposed to submit to this state of things, and have determined, if they can, to break up these nests of bandits. After appealing in vain to Major Sedgwick of the United States Army to protect them against a band of these villains on Washington Creek, one D. S. Hoyt was sent to reconnoitre in that vicinity and visit the camp. The ruffians shot him. "This and other outrages," says a correspondent of the *New York Times*, "induced our people to collect a little force together, and, if possible, break up that den of thieves in Franklin"; that, we suppose, being the most troublesome. The writer proceeds:

"In the evening about sixty collected together, and marched into the town. It was bright moonlight, and the position of our men could be seen twenty rods. The enemy were in a log-house in the heart of the scattered town, with nearly one hundred of Gov. Shannon's muskets. These were well loaded, and thus each man had three or four shots. One division of our men came up within about ten rods on the front of them, with no shield but the open prairies, and commenced the fire upon them with Sharp's rifles. The other division was nearer, in a temporary single-boarded building in the rear. The firing was opened very fiercely upon both sides, and '*I am shot!*' was heard along the van of our little army, until one was shot and died instantly, two others very severely, perhaps fatally, wounded, and four others slightly wounded. That was Spartan courage—and who that saw our unbroken line skirt along the open prairie to be shot at with *over twenty buck-shot* in a charge, by men in a well-fortified house, will ever say again, 'the Yankees won't fight?'

"The firing was kept up for nearly four hours—it was then about 3 o'clock in the morning. The moon was down and day was near. As we had no cannon, small arms had but little effect upon their fortress, only at the windows and doors. Something untried must be resorted to. A double wagon was loaded with hay and drawn against the building adjoining the one they occupied, and set on fire. It was quickly in flames, and as quickly they began to call for 'quarter.' Too great magnanimity induced us to grant it; the wagon was rolled from the buildings, and they were all saved without injury. So we burnt no houses and shot no postmasters, as we are charged with doing in the Leavenworth *Journal Extra*. But as to shooting, our disposition was not wanting. This was decidedly the hardest battle ever fought in Kansas, and the 12th of August will ever form a bloody page in Kansas history. The Algerines had five wounded in battle, but none dangerously; none killed. We captured a brass four-pounder, over sixty muskets, provisions and ammunition in moderate quantities. If it must take blood to wash our skirts of Slavery—blood it is."

They next determined to visit the Camp at Washington Creek. The same writer thus gives the result:

"The camp at Washington Creek continued to recruit, and yesterday their guard shot another of our men. Our men collected gradually three miles below them, upon the same creek, for the purpose of attacking them. This morning we had enrolled in camp about 450 men, mostly well armed, and the captured cannon. To show that we were in favour of an honourable peace, we sent another Committee to Major Sedgwick this morning, informing him that our men were already in camp, and would disperse the Ruffians if he did not; but we were anxious to give him a chance, and it would be his only chance. He said he had no orders to that effect, consequently could not act.

'the crime against Kansas,' he continued, without pause, his senatorial labours, and in that attitude was brutally struck down, beaten to insensibility. Southern men doubt whether his injuries were serious. Their suspicions are natural. It is a familiar sight to the best of them—wounds and blood; and the flesh of the poor imbruted creatures (whom they are used to seeing lacerated) heals, I suppose, like horse-flesh. It is not to be looked for that slaveholders should appreciate even so much as the physical organization of such a man as Charles Sumner, let alone his moral and intellectual nature.

"Be this as it may, Mr. Sumner has been, for some weeks past, in the condition of a man recovering, and recovering slowly, with occasional relapses, from a severe illness. The physician he consulted in Philadelphia, a gentleman too much engaged in his profession to be swayed in his medical judgments by any political preposessions, pronounced Mr. Sumner's case very serious. Not that he feared any 'softening of the brain,' but what he apprehended was a tedious invalid condition, a loss of recuperative power under which Mr. Sumner would be wholly unfitted for any intellectual exertion for an indefinite time to come. While his physician did not forbid a trial of Cape May, he laid great stress on the efficacy of mountain air.

"Happily now, through the healing breath of the Alleganies, our friend is slowly but decidedly convalescent; and in a week or two more among the mountains, it is confidently hoped he will be restored to his former excellent health. It was his earnest hope that he should have been able to resume his place in the Senate a week or two before the adjournment of Congress. It has been no slight trial to him to relinquish this hope. Not that he had anything to say of his personal wrongs, or of his miserable assailant, whom apparently he does not even honour with his contempt. He pities him, I suppose. But beyond this, Mr. Sumner thinks no more of P. S. Brooks, the blind slave of the Slave Power, than one thinks of the tiger or hyena, who might chance to strike at him and wound him unawares in a menagerie—nor so much.

"But Mr. Sumner would gladly have seized occasion to deal another telling blow at the barbarian system of which all these outrages are the natural results. Thanks to the friendly old mountains, the blow is only delayed. It will fall by and by all the more vigorously, and more canes than Mr. Brooks has yet had presented to him, with never so many concealed bowie-knives and revolvers, will be powerless to avert it. P.

"Philadelphia, August 18, 1856."

In another column will be found a brief letter from Mr. Sumner himself, upon which the Boston *Courier* perpetrated the following atrocious commentary:

"Mr. Charles Sumner wrote a very exciting letter to the Fitchburg Convention, which is published in the Boston *Telegraph* of yesterday. The man who wrote such a letter cannot be suffering under physical disability, inasmuch as he is full of political impulse, and all people know what Mr. Sumner is. If he is playing invalid on one side and politician on the other, it may be as well to understand it, for the patience of the people may be worn out in his double theatrical representation."

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

THE *New York Herald* of Monday last contains letters from several Southern States on the subject of the pending Presidential election, from which we glean a few salient passages.

A writer dating at Montgomery, Ala., says:

"I am here to-day, having just arrived, 'overland,' from Texas, through Louisiana and Mississippi. The Fillmore men are much 'chopfallen' and dispirited by the report of the Kentucky elections. What must be done for them? The Buchanan men, on the contrary, are in ecstacies, more, it seems, on account of the downfall of Know-Nothingism in its stronghold than for any other reason, as very few seem to have much confidence in Mr. Buchanan's success. This latter will apply to every section of country in which I have travelled. All parties are agreed that Fremont will sweep the whole North. Now, sir, let me disclose to you a secret. Fremont is much more popular here in the South than any one North would suppose. Many are fascinated with his adventurous spirit, and many more believe him to be in favour of the annexation of Cuba. . . . There is also another class of men—and I am told they are very numerous in North Alabama and Georgia and East Tennessee—who do not own slaves, and live in a barren and mountainous country, where slave labour would not be profitable. These men are generally illiterate and ignorant, and believe that their poverty is in consequence of slaves being in the country working the best lands, &c. So this class, added to the mechanics everywhere (who are dead out against coming in contact with slave labour), will make a formidable party at the South. And intelligent men know it, and often speak of it. Now, sir, the material is here; it exists on principle mostly. Erect a Fremont ticket in any of the Southern States, except South Carolina, and this vote would even astonish themselves. I speak what I know, as I am and have been in confidence with such authority as will do to rely on, to say nothing of my own observation in the whole South."

Wm. W. Morton, writing from Athens, Ga., says:

"Your reasoning about the number of slaveowners who are willing to dissolve the Union for their rights, and those who have none being opposed to those who have, is leading you into a fatal error, which I fear will be seen by the North too late. The North thinks there will be other Union parties at the South stronger than those who strike for their rights. This is not the case. The South has borne all she intends to bear. Georgia has laid down her solemn declaration of rights; let one of them be violated, and you will find such strong Union-loving men as Mr. Toombs, who was at the head of the Union party of this State in 1851, uniting as one man at the South. The North will find herself in the same fix the Emperor of Russia was when encroaching on the rights of Turkey. He had no idea Turkey would make resistance, or, if she did, it would be so feeble she did not regard it; and as for England and France taking sides with her, and going to war again at her great power, Russia, like the North, could not believe it until it was too late. No one believes Russia would have involved herself if she had known England and France would have defended right against might; and so I fear it will be with you and the North. You think the South will submit to an inequality. You are wofully mistaken. The South will resist, even to a disruption of every tie that now binds us so happily together."

Another, writing from Florence, Ala., says:

"Love for the Union, as constitutionally secured, still exists in Southern hearts, and there are still hopes that disunion may be averted. But when the Southern people look at the constant and systematic aggressions of the Abolitionists in and out of Congress—the increase in numbers and influence of that fanatical faction—its bold, practical nullification of the Fugitive Slave law—its union with other Northern factions more powerful in numbers than itself, equally opposed to Southern institutions, until the lower house of Congress is entirely controlled by them—the Kansas difficulties, created and kept up by the same faction—the Fremont nomination under his avowed principles, hostile to Southern constitutional rights—have in a great degree destroyed all hope, and, step by step, have prepared the minds of all the Southern people for that great event, which the most of them deplore, but which they believe to be inevitable sooner or later—disunion. It is looked upon now as a coming necessity, forced upon them by improper interference with our slavery system, which may be hastened or procrastinated by the next Presidential election. It is a settled conviction of the Southern mind that if the consolidated forces of Abolitionists and Black Republicans shall attain full sway, headed by their Napoleon, Fremont, the constitutional hour will be but a short one. Southern rights, under this dynasty, will be invaded; we will be subject to pay tribute, but deprived of constitutional equality and right—so that under such sway we will, in effect, be a conquered people."

"If the Northern factions will thus trample the Constitution under foot, there can be no union with wrongdoers and oppressors, but such acts will unite the South, and all classes will stand shoulder to shoulder to meet the consequences of separation. If, by the exercise of the spirit of conservatism, this great evil can and will be averted, all people in the slave States, except the Hotspurs, will thank God for it. But if Fremont should be elected, and he, with his supporters, will carry out what they call their principles, disunion will be inevitable—then the sixteen stars will be a reality. To keep off the evil day as long as possible the South, with great unanimity, will support Buchanan and Breckinridge. The Know-Nothings are canvassing for Fillmore and Donelson, but they cannot carry a single slave State. For Fremont there is no voice heard, although born and raised in the South; no friends to raise his standard, nor to cry God speed him, to be found in his native State nor in all the broad South. And the very fact of his being raised to political importance by the enemies of his native land is significant."

S. W. Burney closes his letter thus:

"We love this Union with all the strength of a young and guileless maiden for the object of her virgin heart. But before we will submit to the inequality some seek thus to impose on us, we will consent to see the Union shattered into a thousand fragments, and the archives of our government consumed by the torch of the incendiary."

HEALTH OF MR. SUMNER.

THE following statement of Mr. Sumner's case, says the Boston *Transcript* of Aug. 20, is furnished by an esteemed clergyman and well known author of Philadelphia, who has been much with Senator Sumner during the last five or six weeks, and who of course knows something of his health and condition. This report will be perused with much interest by Mr. Sumner's friends, especially as the notices of his health which have been published have been, in some respects, erroneous and conflicting:

"I left Mr. Sumner, a few days since, at Cresson, on the Allegany Mountains, where he was deriving much benefit from the cool mountain air. When, early in July, he came to Philadelphia from Washington, he was very feeble. In his usual health he is a rapid walker, and is not soon fatigued. But at that time he could walk a short distance only, with slow, uncertain steps, and with great exhaustion. His physical strength was run down, his pulse was weak and slow. His health was greatly reduced, not only from the injuries from which he was suffering, but from the fact that those injuries were inflicted at a time when, by long and intellectual labour, his nervous system had been severely tried. After the delivery of his great speech, and the excitement which preceded and accompanied it, he should have instantly taken some repose. But this is a prudence which he never thought of practising.

"Although occasionally, during his five years' service in the Senate, theats and entreaties had been urged to induce him to withdraw for awhile, and he had been notified that the drinking-shops and gambling-houses in Washington were simmering with curses and conspiracies against him, he has nevertheless made it a matter of conscience never to be absent a day from his post. Accordingly, after pouring out his heart and soul in exposing

Hallowell House, went through Winthrop down into Winter street again."

——The Hon. Josiah Quincy, Sr., in a letter to the Brooklyn Young Men's Republican Association, says:

"I see that Brooks, the tall and striking muscle of the serpent slavery, glorying in his late stroke, rattles forth, 'If Fremont is elected, fifteen States will go out of the Union,' and that the followers of Buchanan and Fillmore utter the same sound. But there is terror no longer in that snake rattle. Whatever may be the fate of the ensuing election, the omnipotence of slavery is *scotched*. If the corrupt cement which now unites it with the unprincipled ambition of men belonging to the free States be too strong for immediate severance, the fate of this base connection is, notwithstanding, sealed. The nature of 'Othello's occupation' is understood and freely spoken of in the free States, who will not permit, hereafter, men belonging to their States to gain an influence by pretending to be Democrats, go to Washington and sell themselves to do every base work of the slaveholders, without spurning them as treacherous to interests they are in duty bound to support. Whenever the people of the free States regard and treat those of their own States, who join with the slaveholders and do their work, as traitors, the power of those enemies of liberty will be more effectually annihilated than it can possibly be by success at any election."

——The New Orleans *Bulletin* of the 12th contains the following:

"The contest at the South being confined to Fillmore and Buchanan, people are little aware of the immense revolution that has taken place at the North in favour of the champion of the Republicans. The party press delude the people in the belief that their favourite candidate is the only one that has the least chance of being elected. This is not only mistaken policy, but it is wrong in principle.

"No honest journal will gainsay the fact that the cause of Free Soilism is gaining ground, and that the election of Fremont is not an improbable contingency. It would be an event that not only every man at the South, but every patriot, every Union man in the country, North as well as South, should most earnestly deprecate. Yet the catastrophe, for such it would be, cannot be blinked or avoided by treating it with either indifference, scorn or ridicule.

"Our unsophisticated friends, who have neither the advantage nor the labour of wading through some hundred exchanges daily, can hardly judge the tone, temper, and extent of public opinion upon this topic, loathsome and disagreeable to them, and which, for that very reason, they do not wish to know or believe."

——Our readers will remember Beecher's story of the dog and the empty hole, published in our issue of the 16th, and cannot fail to enjoy the following account, from the Elmira (N. Y.) *Advertiser*, of an incident that occurred at a Know-Nothing meeting in that place, while Erastus Brooks, one of the editors of the *Express*, was making a speech:

"The speaker referred to Mr. Fremont's religion, the mention of which drew a faint applause from the audience, whereupon an impudent dog barked, and several voices cried 'the squirrel's gone!' 'the squirrel's gone!'—and the whole assembly seemed to shout their approbation of the reference to Henry Ward Beecher's dog Noble, barking at the hole in the wall. This was too much for the speaker. He tried to recover, but could not; the popular feeling was against him. He was in a rotten bark, stemming a current stronger than the rapids of Niagara. He rowed, and sweat, and blowed, and tugged, but all to no purpose—the l

great amazement, on his return he saw a flag inscribed 'Fremont and Dayton' floating before his factory. Enraged at this, he called upon his foreman to remove the flag and to summon the Fremonters to receive their discharge. The foreman replied that the workmen had only hung out their own sign, but summoned them accordingly. The dismay of the employer was not diminished at seeing his 'hands' come up in a body to be dismissed; and not caring to stop his factory, he was obliged to allow them liberty of opinion. At the same time the citizens of the place, who had been accustomed to follow his lead, marched in procession to the factory under the banner of Fremont, to notify their political manager that henceforth they would act for themselves."

——"Gone, Gone, Sold and Gone!" exclaims the Ravenna (O.) *Reformer*, in announcing the defection of Frederick Douglass from the Radical Abolition party. The editor, Mr. Pryne, formerly issued his paper at Syracuse, and he has long been the intimate friend and eulogist of Douglass, defending him with especial zeal for renouncing his connection with the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends. Mr. Pryne, after uttering the exclamation above quoted, goes on to say:

"Frederick Douglass has hauled down the name of Gerrit Smith from the head of his columns and has given his support to Fremont. We have not read his defence for such a course, nor do we need to do so. There is but one *honest* reason he could give, and that is self-interest. We presume he is too honest to give any other reason. Well, with the exception of a small paper in New Lisbon, the *Aurora*, we now stand alone as the only weekly paper in America which supports *Radical Abolitionism*. So be it. We are not only content thus to stand, but are more justly proud of our position than if we were Governor of Ohio as the fruit of supporting Fremont. We have long stood alone in our religious position, and we are willing to accept the same position in politics. We shall NOT support Fremont. We shall support Gerrit Smith, unless he 'caves in,' and in that case we shall not support anybody until we can find a MAN. We may lose subscribers, and be compelled to stop our paper; so be it then. We believe, with Carlyle, that either soul or salt is necessary to preserve a man from rotting; and as we do not wish to come down to salt just yet, we shall not give up our soul to 'follow a multitude to do evil.' We can bear the loss of our paper, but we could not bear *ourself*, if we deserted our principles to save our pocket."

——The election of F. P. Blair to Congress from the St. Louis District has taken most people by surprise, and no little anxiety is felt to learn just how much anti-slavery there is in him. James Redpath, who knows him well, writes to the Chicago *Tribune* as follows:

"You cannot realize in Chicago the importance and glory of the victory which the Free Soil party of Missouri achieved in the election of Frank P. Blair to Congress. Frank is one of the truest, noblest men I ever met. There is no duplicity, no insincerity, no compromise, no fear in his character. He had the distinguished honour of delivering the first Free Soil speech ever spoken west of the Mississippi river.

"Frank met with violent opposition from the Black Oligarchy. Attempts were made to assassinate him in the streets. Bullied into silence, he could not be. The assassins failed, and Frank maintained his ground. He has now the honour of being the first representative elected by the *working* in contradistinction to the *overseeing* South, to defend and advocate the interests of the Free Labourers of the slave States. When he takes his seat, doughfaces will learn that there is a white as well as a black South, and that the nullifiers and negro-drivers, who have so long and impudently claimed to represent the slave States, are, in fact, the exponents of an insignificant party there.

"I see that the Buchananeers claim him as a Democrat. He is a Democrat; so is Fremont; so is Sumner; so is Frank's father. But he is a Democrat of Jefferson's school—not of Douglas's, nor Atchison's, nor Pierce's. *He has never spoken of Buchanan except in terms of contempt.* He repudiates Squatter Sovereignty, and State Equality, and all other abominations of the Cincinnati platform. He believed, as everybody believed till 1837–38, that Congress has the right to interdict slavery in the Territories, and is in favour of exerting that constitutional power to prevent the extension of the 'peculiar' curse over another inch of National Territory."

——Polk, the Border Ruffian candidate, is elected Governor of Missouri by a considerable plurality, and it is to be feared that the Legislature has gone the same way, which will ensure the election of two U. S. Senators of the Atchison stripe. It is not unlikely that Atchison himself may be one of them. Benton, we judge, has no chance whatever. The Presidential vote is sure for Buchanan, the Benton Democrats having withdrawn their electoral ticket and adopted that of the Border Ruffians! The slaveholders, in the late election, resorted to intimidation to ensure a victory. Says James Redpath, formerly one of the editors of the St. Louis *Dentocrat*:

"Do not infer from what I say that violence was used to prevent men from voting. No. The Oligarchy are not yet strong enough to act in Missouri as they acted in Kansas. But intimidation of a silent but significant character was employed. A gentleman who witnessed the voting in an up-the-river district described the following scene and made these statements:

"Whenever a German came forward to deposit his vote, the rabble around the polls, who were armed with side-arms, would shout, 'stand back; make way for this woolly-head.' Whenever a known Benton man of peaceable character appeared, the same language was made use of. This intimidated hundreds in that county. It is a serious matter to be 'spotted' by the Ruffians, especially when one lives among them. Quiet men, who wished to live at peace with their neighbours, but who were opposed to ruffian sovereignty, remained at home. Another gentleman said he saw a clergyman go up and offer his vote. He wrote his ticket in a legible hand. There was an armed crowd around the polls. The judge took the ticket and pretended that he could not read it. An old man took it up and said: 'I can read it, athough my sight is dim—

For Governor,
THOMAS H. BENTON,
&c. &c.

—and I demand that this gentleman's vote be taken.' The rabble hissed. The vote, of course, was accepted, for the reign of violence has not yet commenced in Missouri. The Atchison Democrats had tickets of a peculiar kind—I mean up the river. They were issued on fine note paper, with a fly leaf; a blue ribbon was attached to the sheet, and pro-slavery motioes, as, for example,

'*This ticket is sound on the goose.*'

were printed around the names of the candidates. Unorganized Decency had no chance against Organized Ruffianism."

——The Rochester *Democrat* (Republican) gives the following report of the substance of a speech made before the Buchanan Club of that city, by Mr. Van Allan, lately of this State and a delegate of the Hards to the Cincinnati Convention, but now of Western Missouri:

"We have just had an election in Missouri, and, although Mr. Benton ran a separate ticket, we have elected Mr. Polk. The Know-Nothings were going to elect their Governor, but we want a party which is the *same at the North as at the South*. The Know-Nothings in Missouri are *in favour of slavery in Kansas*. And what do I find here at the North? Why, they don't say anything about slavery. Sir, the South wants a party which will speak right out—which will be honest, like the National Democratic party. At the South we Democrats have it all our own way. We go for slavery in Kansas, *if it can be made profitable*. But you all know these things, and *you all agree with me*. I am well acquainted with Gens. Stringfellow and Atchison; and purer-minded, more noble-hearted Democrats I never knew. I am glad to see you stand by them and aid them in placing James Buchanan in the Presidential chair. I tell you, Bill Seward, Theodore Parker and Henry Ward Beecher are the men who have made all this trouble in Kansas. The men sent out by them are all *vagabonds, robbers and thieves!* Gentlemen, I tell you, these men make all the trouble. If they had not gone there, there would not have been any trouble. They went there to steal the slaves, and a good many of them have *got their pay*, and *been sent 'home to glory!'* There is *no use of denying that*. And I think Atchison and Stringfellow have been a little indiscreet. I told Gen. Stringfellow so. They tell you there is not freedom of speech there. Why, if there had not been freedom of speech, do you suppose I would have *dared* to tell Stringfellow that he was *indiscreet*? And what did he say to me? Why, he said, he didn't know but they had been a *little too fast!* I am in favour of slavery in Kansas, if it can be made profitable there; and if not, I am opposed to it. And I am glad *the whole Democratic party of the North and South think alike on this question*. In Missouri, we have things all our own way. But what do I find in the Northern States? Why, I find poles erected, and Fremont and Dayton flags on almost every house! and the people hurrahing for Fremont and Dayton! And what does it mean? I tell you, sir, it means disunion. I tell you, Bill Seward and Henry Ward Beecher are responsible for all the robberies and murders committed in Kansas. I am sorry that Mr. Beecher, a minister of the Gospel, a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus, is not willing to call Missourians his brothers! I tell you, these Missourians are men! Yes, they are *Democrats!* They stand *side by side with you!* They are determined to maintain their rights in Kansas, and will stand with you, and elect James Buchanan President.

DEATH OF MRS. C. L. REMOND.

WEYMOUTH, Aug. 20th, 1856.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

It is for a purpose full of grief and pain that I take my pen to-day—to desire you to remove the name of our beloved and honoured friend, AMY M. REMOND, the wife of Charles Lenox Remond, Esq., from the list attached to the standing call for the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, in THE STANDARD. She died at Salem, Mass., of fever, on Tuesday, the 15th of August. She was one of those strong and gentle natures that could remain one of such a committee of permanence, in a righteous and struggling cause, through good report and through evil report; and we looked to have gone on together, still nearer to the end of our day's work, for she was in the midst of her happy years of usefulness, the joy of her family and the strength and comfort of every social circle of which she made a part, whether in Boston, Salem or Philadelphia: in all those places she was well loved as known.

Mr. May spoke of her illness, to the gathering of friends on the first of August at Abington, as the reason of Mr. Remond's absence, and I then noticed a tone of apprehension in what he said of "the lovely character and many excellencies of this esteemed lady, to whose devotedness the cause and its friends owe so much"; but I did not anticipate this sudden termination of so valuable a life. It is a severe affliction, the loss of those, in our cause, whom nothing *but* death could divide from it and from us. And the greater the affliction in such a case, the greater the consolation.

I am always yours for the Cause,
M. W. CHAPMAN.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXCV.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent telleth the News—Also of feline Natural History—He defineth the position of the Garrisonians—And describeth the Negotiations at Wheatland—Their simplicity and reasonableness—The final surrender of the Sage—Paley's Sermon on the Loaves and Fishes—How ours are to be parted—Mr. Garrison and The Liberator at Washington—Unreasonable demands of Mr. Phillips—Mr. Choate's rivality—The Sims Commissioner on the Anxious Seat—Prospects of the late Corresponding Editor—His love of humanity—His tenderness for the ministry—Provision for the Editors—The Correspondent commendeth Doctor Choate—But complaineth of Doctor Curtis—He defendeth him, however, against the Atlas and Advertiser—He laudeth Mr. Winthrop's speed—He sympathiseth with the Straight Whigs—And with their better choice—Of the new candidate, Mr. Lawrence—Of the Muddle, generally, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Aug. 25, 1856.

HAVE you heard the news? Of course, you must have seen the statements in the Republican and other newspapers; but, very likely, you did not attach much credit to them. In fact, we did not mean to have the fact known just yet; but as the cat has been let out of the bag, it's of no use trying to sack her again. This particular breed of the feline race belongs to the family of the High Steward of the Lord Marquis of Carabas, the redoubtable Puss in Boots—only their boots are seven-leagued ones, and it is to no purpose to attempt heading them. It is useless, therefore, any longer to deny that the *Garrisonian Abolitionists are all going to vote for Buchanan for President, next November*. I believe this important truth was first communicated to the public by *The Evening Post* of your city, the character of which eminent journal is a sufficient guarantee for the authenticity of its information. Though I cannot conceive how it could have got wind of this matter, as it had been conducted, as we had thought, with the profoundest secrecy. I hope there has been no treason in the camp.

You must know negotiations have been on foot for a good while. Mr. Buchanan, seeing the necessity of strengthening himself, made overtures to us, some time ago, with liberal offers in case we should entertain them. Thinking that the time for which we had been waiting patiently for so many years, of bringing ourselves to the best market, had now arrived, we determined to see what price he was willing to pay. Accordingly, we sent Mr. Samuel May, Junior, to Pennsylvania, under the ostensible pretext of attending the Anniversary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, but really with full powers to treat on our behalf with the Sage of Wheatland. As this distinguished patriot had seen a good deal of diplomatic service, especially at Ostend, under the tuition of that master in the art, Mr. Soulé, of Louisiana, we felt somewhat apprehensive that he might prove more than a match for our plenipotentiary. But I am happy to assure you that we found him fully equal to the occasion. The basis on which we consented to go into negotiation at all was that we should be placed exactly in the shoes the Slaveholders had always worn at such times. As it was conceded that Mr. Buchanan could not be elected without our help, we held ourselves entitled (as the slaveholders always have been) to anything we chose to ask for. And as we chose to ask for everything, the simplicity and reasonableness of our propositions very much facilitated our coming to terms. Mr. Buchanan attempted to save something out of the fire for his old friends; but a casual intimation that Sealed Proposals had been sent in by Mr. Fillmore, which we had held it to be a point of honour not to open until our conference with himself was closed, brought him to reason at once, and he gave us *carte blanche* as to the division of the spoil.

Of course, we have not arranged all the details as yet. You remember Paley's Sermon before the younger Pitt, at Cambridge, when he was the Young Pitt as well, of which the text was "there is a *lad* here that hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but *what are they among so many?*" This difficulty, of course, we have to encounter, as everybody must who has more company than chairs. But thus much you may consider as settled. Mr. Garrison is to be Secretary of State; *The Liberator* is to be removed to Washington; is to be made the Government Organ; and, it is unnecessary to say, is to have the Public Printing. Mr. Phillips insists on the Attorney-Generalship as his share of the booty, notwithstanding the obvious impropriety of having two Cabinet Ministers from the same State. But, even if this difficulty should be surmounted, another takes its place in the previous claim of Mr. Choate to that office. This gentleman, having already qualified himself by joining the Democratic party, has now clenched the nail he drove in a sure place by his Maine Letter, by joining us also, when he discerned there was no other salvation for the Union. He has become a Member of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and intends taking out a Lecturing Agency under its auspices during the coming campaign. Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, also, has taken his place on the Anxious Seat, and will, probably, be propounded for admission to that church, at its next regular meeting. It is thought, however, that *he* will be content with the District-Attorneyship, here.

As for your late Corresponding Editor, he has been offered his pick of the Foreign Missions. He has not yet made his choice; but I suspect him of a strong squint towards that to the Feejee Islands. You know his natural taste for preying on the departed, especially the late Mr. Webster, has occasioned him to be likened unto a hyena, a ghoul, a wolf and other delicate creatures that have a weakness for defunct humanity. It is my own opinion that he has read with envy the accounts of the repasts that are spread in the Cannibal Islands, as described by Sydney Smith, and is ambitious of an official introduction to the most *recherché* of them. A baked missionary, for example, with "a cold clergyman on the sideboard," would have greater charms for one of his tastes than all the luxuries of St. James's or the Tuileries. I don't think he could resist a roasted minister—having never enjoyed that delicacy as yet, to my knowledge, except in a typical and metaphorical sense. You must not think that your own interests have been overlooked. Far from it. You two editors are to divide the New York Post-Office and Custom-House between you. Provided always that you come cordially into the arrangement, put the names of "Buck and Breck" at the head of your columns and make THE STANDARD a spicy campaign paper until the election. But of this there can be no question. I will try and keep you advised of the further details of the arrangements as they may be matured. But as to the authenticity of the above, the internal evidence is enough to vouch for it. I think if anything can save the country, it will be this blessed coalition.

Besides this matter, the letters of Mr. Choate and Mr. George Ticknor Curtis are the only things of much public interest that have occurred here. The queasy condition of the Union has called forth these two eminent members of the faculty to prescribe for it. The first seems to think that active exercise will be of special service, and recommends a brisk run after the Buck as a sovereign remedy. The other leech, though he gives the diagnosis of the disease, with the gravity of a Sangrado, does not tell us what we are to do to save the illustrious patient. We are left at a loss as to whether we should make a pilgrimage to Buffalo or to Wheatland to procure the restoration of its health. Perhaps, however, he meant to indicate the fusion described at the beginning of this letter as the sovereignest thing on earth for such bruises as the Union now suffers under. I grieve to say that the interposition of this learned and experienced gentleman—he having actually saved the Union once at the risk of his life—hath not met with that grateful appreciation it should have received. The *Boston Atlas*, a paper which I have had occasion more than once to take to task for its sins towards our beloved Sims Commissioner, has actually presumed to poke fun at him, and the grave *Daily Advertiser* has brought down its artillery of sneers and irony on one to whom we owe such a debt of gratitude. Such are the returns Republics are apt to make for the services of its very chiefest benefactors. Mr. Winthrop, too, has excited unmixed admiration by his refusal to let the Union go unsaved for a week even. He had thought ten days ago that that invalid might be left until the Straight Whig Convention assembles, some time next week, I believe, and he so wrote to somebody in your State. But his filial anxiety would not suffer him to leave it uncared for even for that short space of time, and so he has written another letter to somebody else, stating that in his opinion Nurse Fillmore is the only one of her useful profession to whose care the sufferer could be safely entrusted.

People suppose that this sudden change of face, or of hand, on the part of Mr. Winthrop was meant to influence the Whig Convention to adopt the Know-Nothing candidate as their own. I suppose that they must do so, as otherwise they would make their own weakness too contemptibly patent to all mankind. It must be rather a bitter pill for them. But they have only the choice between gall and wormwood, and it does not matter much which they gulp down. A good many of the more courageous of them will, no doubt, go for our candidate, Mr. Buchanan. Nobody supposes Mr. Choate to have moral *stamina* enough to make the flying leap he took last week unless he had known that he had helpers and backers among his old friends. The Fillmore wing of the Know-Nothings have made a very wise-like nomination for Governor, in Mr. Amos A. Lawrence—wisdom in such cases meaning the selection of means to the end of bothering their enemies, and especially those that had bolted from them. He is the son of the late Mr. Amos Lawrence, well known for his large charities, and is a quiet, gentlemanlike, inoffensive person, who probably expected to be Emperor of the French as soon as to be Governor of Massachusetts. He has been very active in the Free Kansas Movement, is treasurer of those funds and has probably contributed more than any other individual to them. The town of Lawrence, in Kansas, is named after him. This gives him a hold on the Anti-Slavery Know-Nothings, and will help to diminish Gardner's vote very materially. The Republicans are sorely exercised in their minds as to what to do for a candidate. The rank and file are strongly against the policy of nominating Gardner, while some of the leaders are equally strenuous for him, and the pressure brought upon them from other States is very strong. If they do not nominate him, they are afraid he will run candidates against their men in the Congressional Districts and in the towns, so as to bother them materially and risk the election of Democrats or Fillmoreites. And if they do, a great many of their men will vote for Mr. Lawrence or somebody else. So that it is "a muddle" altogether; but not unentertaining to the onlookers.

D. Y.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE POSTMASTER SEARCHING FOR "FACKS."—A correspondent of the Boston *Atlas*, writing from Lawrence, Kansas, July 31, says that the following letter was actually received by the Postmaster of that place:

[Directed to Postmaster and marked "free."]

Post Office, ——————, N. H.,
July 5, '56.

Postmaster Lawrence Kansas Dr sir Will you please write me if there is a democratic paper published in your town or city if so please write me so I may Send for one. Wee have hindooism and abolitionism here that wee have to contend with but will lay it all on this coming November I want a paper from there to get up the facks rather than a misrepresentation of the doings (?) of the Country will your *Honor* fail not to answer me with regard to the paper. I am Sir your obt Servant ——————,
Asst Postmaster ——, N. H.

Summary.

The sub-marine cable has been laid to Nantucket, and Boston and Nantucket are now in direct communication.

Lucy Stone recently made a speech, insisting that the election of women as well as men to Congress would improve the character of that body. We suspect that the "pairing off" would be even more common than it is now.—*Louisville Jour.*

ABOLITION DOCUMENTS AT THE SOUTH.—John Duberry has been arrested at Columbus, Miss., for circulating the speeches of Senators Sumner and Seward among slaves. The punishment, on conviction, is ten years in the penitentiary.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Col. Lane, in his speech at Lafayette, Indiana, stated that there were more saw mills in Kansas than in the whole State of Missouri. Most of these were erected through the exertions of the "Massachusetts Aid Society." This is the way Northern men have interfered with Kansas affairs.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—The Underground Railway appears to be doing a large business through this city the present season. On Friday last, a man and his wife, with four children, were despatched from this city to Toronto. They were most intelligent-looking fugitives, though in rags.—*Oswego Times, Aug.* 18.

CHEATING BOTH DEAD AND LIVING.—Among the official frauds brought to light in San Francisco, it is said the undertakers sold expensive coffins, sometimes at $200 or $300 each; and as soon as mourners' backs were turned, the coffins were capsized, the bodies emptied into the rough wooden boxes, and then the original coffins taken back and sold to the next customer.

A YOUNG SENATOR.—We learn that at Deerfield, Mass., on Friday evening, the tollman on Cheapside Covered Bridge in that town, on rising, heard the cries of a child. On investigating the cause, he found a little boy in a paper box lying near the centre of the bridge. It was well dressed, and there was a second suit in the box. A paper in the box requested that the little one might be named "Charles Sumner." The tollman had adopted the child.—*Bost. Eve. Trav., Aug.* 18.

FUN IN ADVERTISING.—An advertisement lately appeared in a New York paper, multiplied all over the page, running thus:

"*Read Bigelow's Life of Fremont.*"

The next day came out in the same paper the following, printed in the same style as the above:

"*We don't wish to do so. We are all reading Upham's Life, which is much better.*"

A CHANCE FOR FARMERS.—A farm of 267 acres, adjoining the town of Winchester, Va., is advertised for sale, which offers, among other, the following inducements to purchasers:

"At the same time will be sold two young negro children (girls), of four and six years; and a library consisting principally of the *theological collection of the late Rev. Dr. Hill*, and containing some rare and valuable works not easily procurable elsewhere."

SOUTHERN MALAPROPISM.—A Kentucky correspondent of the *Burlington Free Press* gives a capital illustration of the sensitiveness of Southerners, as well as of a mental structure much like that of Mrs. Partington. A Yankee schoolmaster, though fresh from President Lord, and imbued with his spirit, was charged with having taught his scholars Abolition. Great excitement arose, and tar and feathers were talked of. But on tracing back the story, it turned out that a visitor heard a lecture on Chemistry, in which the teacher explained the principles of *Ebullition*.

Display is the order of the day within doors and without. The infant of six years is so attired as to proclaim to the crowd the affluence of its parents. It is said that the child of a dweller on Fifth Avenue wore, on a recent occasion, a dress that cost seven hundred dollars. That wise parent, however, is to have a rival. A more costly suit is soon to bear testimony to the fuller coffers, if not larger brain, of some mother not disposed to believe that the present generation is without its Haman.—*Saratoga Cor. Eve. Post.*

A Correspondent of the Spartansburg (S. C.) *Express* complains bitterly that the New York *Observer* has been stealing his thunder. He says he sent a communication to the *Observer* denouncing Senator Sumrer in the characteristic style of South Carolina; and instead of publishing it as a communication, the *Observer* shaped it into editorials, without acknowledgment. He likes its "heavy blows at Mr. Sumner and all that kith and kin," but thinks he himself, who manufactured the thunder, has been treated shabbily.

A HELP TO TENDER CONSCIENCES.—A great stumbling block to some of our pious friends is the idea that slavery is a Biblical institution. It may furnish them some relief to remember that the Underground Railroad is also a Biblical institution, and one which received the express sanction of the Almighty. The attempt to check its operation met with the most terrible rebuke on record. See the account of *Pharaoh and his effort to enforce the fugitive slave law.*—Exod., 5th chap., on through the 14th.—ERNEST.—*Independent.*

THE OHIO LADIES FOREVER!—The ladies of Painesville are to give a donation party on the 21st inst., to raise $225 to pay off a judgment recently obtained against Mr. D. H. Gray in a breach of promise case. They announce that this movement is "in order to give an expression of their feelings and appreciation of the same." The call is published and signed: "By order of the Ladies." What "a change has come over the spirit of their dreams," when the ladies make donations to satisfy a judgment against an "erring brother," in favour of an "unfortunate sister!"

TIT FOR TAT.—An overseer, named Silas Rogers, on the plantation of Thomas J. Brown, near Woodville, Miss., while whipping some of the slaves, on the 3d inst., at 10 o'clock at night was set upon by the slaves, knocked down and chocked to death. Nine of the slaves were arrested, and will be hung or lynched, as usual in such cases, although the overseer was no doubt a brutish tyrant. The *Woodville Republican* expresses alarm at the fact that knives and pistols were found in the possession of some of the slaves on this and other plantations.

BLACK MEN AT BAY.—On Friday last a runaway negro camp was discovered on an "island" in Big Swamp, situated between Bladen and Robeson Counties. On Saturday morning a company of twelve or fifteen started out to hunt them; and after starting them from their camp, one of the negroes fired at Mr. David C. Lewis, wounding him, from the effects of which he died on Sunday morning. On Friday a man named Taylor was shot at twice from the same place, but missed. The negroes had cleared a place for a garden, had cows, &c., in the swamp; none arrested. The swamp is about four miles wide and almost impenetrable.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Journal.*

A week or two since the Boston *Post* acknowledged the receipt of a letter from Poweshiek Co., Iowa, which said: "Abolition is at so low an ebb in this county, and there is so little political excitement, that *there is nothing to kick against.*"

The *Post* will doubtless be glad to know that whatever may be the condition of Abolitionism in the county above named, the cause of Republicanism is flourishing like a green bay tree. Two years ago, Poweshiek gave a Loco Foco majority of 4. Since the *Post's* correspondent found "nothing to kick against," it has been carried by the Fremonters by the handsome majority of 160. Well done, Poweshiek!—*Atlas.*

SOUTHERN RELIGION.—It is stated that "Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, has addressed a circular to the Bishops of nine of the Southern States, on the 'necessity of organizing a system of Southern education, and building up Southern religious institutions, as a part of a general system of defence, of which the South is daily growing more in need.'" What "Southern education means we know too well, but Southern religious institutions, as part of a general system of defence, we do not quite comprehend. However, we can readily conceive that the South is daily growing more in need *of* religious institutions, and we are glad to hear of Bishop Polk's circular."—*N. Y. Times.*

SLAVERY IN OREGON.—There is a large Missouri population here, and occasionally a negro is seen among them. And in one instance a girl has changed hands twice. In the second instance, she was, it is reported, sold for $300. There are intelligent and prudent people in Oregon who honestly declare their convictions that there will be a tremendous struggle to legalize slavery in this Territory yet. And unless a change of administration should occur at Washington, all the influence of the General Government will go to favour the movement. The writer has been a resident of Oregon for eight years, and during that period he has heard Government officials, and appointees of the President, argue earnestly for the introduction of slavery into Oregon. And if pro-slavery sentiments prevail in Kansas, then Oregon will be the next field for the propagandists to pounce upon. It will probably be some years before Oregon will be a State.—*Oregon Cor. Times.*

PLANTATION DISCIPLINE.—A little occurrence took place in the *Times* office which shows that the rules of Mr. Douglas's Mississippi plantation are strictly enforced in that establishment. The immense meeting that assembled to hear Mr. Burlingame was in sight from the windows of the composing room, and the voice of the speaker being audible there, one of the workmen, not yet a convert to the beauties of Slavery-extension, rapped on his case by way of applauding the sentiments which he so eloquently uttered. Unfortunately for the poor fellow, one of the proprietors overheard him, and told him that his services were no longer required—that it was an insult to the office, and he would have no man there who cheered such sentiments. All right. We like to see a perfect harmony between theory and practice.—*Chicago Dem. Press.*

LECTURE BY MRS. NICHOLS.—Mrs. Nichols, formerly the editor of the *Windham County Republican* at Brattleboro', Vt., now a resident of Kansas, and who was among the first settlers in the Territory from New England, gave our people a highly instructive lecture in the town hall on Sabbath evening. The hall was filled, and never have we seen so large an audience maintain such perfect stillness during so long a lecture. Mrs. Nichols is a very pleasant speaker, and she entertained the audience for over an hour and a half in a statement of facts connected with the events in the Territory, which were exceedingly interesting. We are glad to learn that Mrs. Nichols purposes to sojourn awhile in New England, in order that she may lay before our people, in public lectures, the true state of the things as they now exist in Kansas. We hope she will be cordially received wherever she may go.—*Claremont (N. H.) Advocate.*

NEGRO MECHANICS.—There is a good deal of feeling pro and con in Columbia, S. C., on this subject. The candidates for the Legislature have been interrogated as to what policy they will pursue in reference to negro mechanics, and also in regard to several other matters. Among the replies is one from Mr. Allen J. Green, who says:

"I am in favour of the unrestrained right of the citizen to employ mechanics without regard to colour or condition; always bearing in mind, however, that by the laws of the State no slave, whether mechanic or not, has a right to make a contract for himself, or to hire his own time."

Mr. Wm. Wallace, on the same topic, answers:

"Drive out the negro on account of his coming in competition with the white man in mechanical pursuits, and the same principle will force you to drive him out from competition in all kinds of labour. I need scarcely say that I am opposed to such a principle."

DECISION IN REGARD TO THE LORD'S SUPPER.—The Old Lutheran Tennesseee Synod, by its delegate, the Rev. Mr. Moser, submitted to the last Missouri Synod, the mother and champion of orthodoxy, the all-momentous inquiry, whether the bread at the communion table must be cut or broken? We are amazed that the Missourians had the hardihood to undertake the solution of this profound and exceedingly important query, and think they should have left it for the consideration and decision of an Ecumenical Council, and then, before a final annunciation, secured the sanction of the Pope and his Cardinals in Rome. But they absolutely had the presumption to deliberate over the subject, and actually to decide it! The conclusion they finally, after solemn consultation and an ample and impressive exchange of opinion, arrived at was that it is heterodox to break the bread, and that it must be cut. The minister must cut the bread in small pieces, but breaking it must be by all means avoided.—*Lutheran Observer.*

"TRUTH-SEEKERS' CONVENTION."—We find the following call in *The Truth Seeker*, published at Angola, Steuben Co., Indiana.

"The friends of progress, free thought, and free inquiry; to all the seekers after truth, we say, come to the TRUTH-SEEKERS' CONVENTION, at S. C. Sprague's barn, in Springfield township, Williams County, Ohio; four and a half miles south-east of the Stryker station, on the Air Line and Northern Indiana Railroad. Come, orthodox, come heterodox, come abolitionists, come slavocrat, come saint, come sinners, come men, come women, and let us reason with one another, and seek to know more of the truth. Convention to be held on Saturday and Sunday, the 20th and 21st of September, commencing at one o'clock, p. m. Speakers and Mediums from a distance are earnestly solicited to attend and take part in the meeting."

Signed by J. C. Sprague and seven others.

A COMPLIMENT TO PRINTERS.—The following is from a letter written by John C. Rives, formerly of the firm of Blair and Rives, Washington:

"I have seen manuscript writings of most great men of the country during the last twenty years, and I think I may say that no twenty of them could stand the test of the scrutiny of one-half of the journeymen printers employed in my office.

"This fact will be vouched by every editor in the Union. To the poor 'jour' many a 'great man' owes his reputation for scholarship, and were the humble type-stickers to resolve, by concert, to set up manuscripts in their hands, for even one little week, precisely as it is written by the authors, there would be more reputations slaughtered than their devils could shake a stick at in twenty-four hours. 'Statesmen' would become 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' Many an ass would have the lion's hide torn from his limbs. Men whom the world called writers would wake up of mornings and find themselves—famous as mere pretenders—humbugs—cheats."

THE TRIBUNE INDICTED IN VIRGINIA.—SHINNSTON, Va., Tuesday, Aug. 12, 1856.—The Grand Jury of our County Court at its last term found a charge against the Postmaster at our place for handing out *The Tribune* to subscribers. A certain Geo. Slocum volunteered and went before the Grand Jury and swore it was an abolition document, but could not tell the precise name of the paper, so the Attorney says he will bring the matter before the Circuit Court, which sits some time next month. The subscribers here request a note from you saying whether the paper can or cannot be stopped.

ONE OF THEM.

There is no law by which any Postmaster can be prevented from delivering newspapers to subscribers, nor any which can relieve him of the duty of doing it. If our Virginia friends are thus deprived of *The Tribune*, it will be an act of arbitrary and illegal violence, such as may be proper to a barbarous state of things, but would disgrace any civilized community.—*Tribune.*

CASSIUS M. CLAY AS A PACIFICATOR.—The Indianapolis correspondent of the *Dayton Journal* is responsible for the following:

"By the way, a good story is told of Cassius M. Clay, which shows the mettle he is made of. He came over from Dayton on Frank Wright's train. One car was filled with a company of armed Virginians, *en route* for Kansas. They were a Crimean, noisy crowd of loafers, and amused themselves by pulling the bell-rope and stopping the train at points not down on the time table. The conductor tried in vain to stop their irregularities, when Cassius M. Clay volunteered his services. He went into the car and told them that he was Cassius M. Clay, from Kentucky—that they knew very well he never failed to accomplish anything he undertook—and that if they did not behave themselves, every man of them should be ejected forthwith. This speech had the desired effect upon these chivalric Virginians. They cooled down so suddenly that many passengers thought the train was running through a snow bank."

COLOURPHOBIA.—We find the following in a letter written from Chicago to the New York *Tribune*. The scene occurred on the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad:

"One incident on the road did not excite any pleasure. The Hon. Thomas Corwin got into the ladies' car at Cincinnati, with a company of friends, on his way to Chicago, as I was told. He is still very lame—in fact, almost helpless—from the serious accident by which his thigh was broken last Winter. I do not think he could walk the length of a car in motion; and being so much an invalid, he had a coloured man in attendance upon him. This man was with Mr. Corwin, and was ejected by the conductor from the car, although Mr. Corwin asked that he might be allowed to remain to wait on him. He was told in reply that if the man would not go into another car, he would be put out at the next station, and that if he—Mr. C.—felt so strong a desire to be with the man, he might either go into another car or they might both stop at the next station. I did not see this transaction, although in the same train; but I relate the fact as the conductor—in all other respects very gentlemanly in his ways—related it to me. Another thing I did see. A coloured man, well dressed—and from his manner and dress I took him to be a clergyman—got in at one of the stations, and he was obliged to show his pass, which, of course, the conductor retained. The whole look of the thing was odious."

ANAGRAMS.—The *Presbyterian*, the Old-School organ, has had the ingenuity to make an anagram with which it seems highly pleased. It says:

"The letters in the word *Presbyterian*, being duly transposed, make the words, *Best in Prayer*. We notice it merely as a curious fact. While we believe that the *mode* of prayer practised in our church is better than that of forms prescribed by human authority, we cannot but desire that she may be distinguished by more fervency, faith, and perseverance in that all-important duty, and thus merit the title of *best in prayer.*"

Whether an anagram derived from the name of the Presbyterian church may with any truth be applied to the forms of worship in that church, we will not here say. But we find in the name of this Presbyterian newspaper an anagram which we sincerely hope does not apply to the editors of that journal. Thus, the letters

The Presbyterian (O. S.),
"being duly transposed, make the words,"
Reprobates—They Sin!

We will not uncharitably insist upon this transposition; and if our Philadelphia contemporaries will not injudiciously indulge themselves with their new-found sweets, we will not force upon them our bitters as an antidote. But we invite the *Presbyterian* to make another anagram, as we would like to try our hand again.—*Independent.*

The *Freiheitsfreund*, a German Republican paper, published in Pittsburg, Pa., in its latest number says:

"We have numerous subscribers in the slave States, none of whom has thus far found fault with our course in politics, from which we infer that the Germans in the South, or at least a great proportion of them, are more liberal than a great portion of the 'tall-end of democracy' in the North. A considerable number of our journal are sent to Louisiana. On Saturday one of these was returned, with marginal notes by the 'democratic' postmaster, which are really too good to be lost among our waste paper. Here they are:

"'You G—d d—d Abolitionists!!! Don't send your cursed paper to Louisiana again. You sh'nt preach your d—d doctrines here—it's no use. There are but few persons here that understand German, and still fewer Abolitionists; so your sheet is not wanted here. Not only we, but our slaves, too, are opposed to such papers!'

"The funniest part of this marginal communication, which bears the impress of this 'sound' postmaster's rage, is the indirect confession that there are 'Abolitionists' (that is, persons opposed to the spread of slavery) in Louisiana, and that the curse of the *Freiheitsfreund* is not nothing to kick against. If this latter assertion be true, the negroes have a German education, and consequently are more intelligent than their masters. Very good!"

GETTING TIRED OF IT.—We learn from Western Missouri that the business men of the border towns—Westport and Kansas City in particular—are getting thoroughly tired of the troubles growing out of the numerous raids of the Missourians upon Kansas. Their sales do not reach half their usual amount; debts for large stocks are pressing upon them, which they have not the means to discharge; collections are bad; and ruin stares them in the face. So, sensibly, the merchants in Kansas City—not the merchants only, but the larger part of the mechanics—have resolved to attempt to arrest the atrocious outrages which are impoverishing them, and to bring their perpetrators to punishment. With this view, they have formed a Free Trade Association, numbering one hundred or more members, the object of which is to protect emigrants who choose to land at their levees, and to defend those who come to the town to buy or sell, regardless of their politics or place of residence. They have at last learned that Border Ruffians, filled with bad whiskey and loud oaths, swaggering around—each with a bowie-knife and revolver, ready for a row whenever he has an advantage, or for stealing a horse whenever opportunity offers, or for cutting a throat whenever necessity compels—are not the men to make a country prosperous or its merchants rich. They have discovered that the quiet Northern man, with his higher civilization, his demand for more comforts in his home and more decency of apparel, for machinery on his farm and in his workship, and books in his house, is the true and best patron of industry and commerce, and they are again reaching after his trade. The discovery is made late in the day, but is valuable, and we trust the Free Trade Association will act upon its suggestions.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MENTAL BONDAGE OF THE SOUTH.—The early establishment of an administration at Washington over which the slaveholders should have no control will do an immense service in the emancipation and countenance it would afford to freedom of thought all over the South. It is quite impossible for the people of the Free States to realize the extent and oppression of the bondage which crushes the intellect and paralyzes the heart of the South. There is hardly more freedom of speech and opinion in Alabama than in Lombardy. For an illustration:

The publisher of the *Independent* advertises his prospectus in a great number of newspapers and magazines—among others in Robert Merry's *Museum*, edited in part by the renowned Peter Parley, and in the *Mother's Magazine*, edited by the author of the *Life of Fillmore*—both of them published by Messrs. J. C. & J. N. Stearn, 116

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DIARY OF ANNE RODWAY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE SECOND.

1840. March 12th (continued). After I had pawned my things, and had begged a small advance of wages at the place where I work, to make up what was still wanting to pay for Mary's funeral, I thought I might have had a little quiet time to prepare myself as I best could for to-morrow. But this was not to be. When I got home, the landlord met me in the passage. He was in liquor, and more brutal and pitiless in his way of looking and speaking than ever I saw him before.

"So you're going to be fool enough to pay for her funeral, are you?" were his first words to me.

I was too weary and heart-sick to answer—I only tried to get by him to my own door.

"If you can pay for burying her," he went on, putting himself in front of me, "you can pay her lawful debts. She owes me three weeks' rent. Suppose you raise the money for that next, and hand it over to me? I'm not joking, I can promise you. I mean to have my rent; and if somebody don't pay it, I'll have her body seized and sent to the workhouse!"

Between terror and disgust, I thought I should have dropped to the floor at his feet. But I determined not to let him see how he had horrified me, if I could possibly control myself. So I mustered resolution enough to answer that I did not believe the law gave him any such wicked power over the dead.

"I'll teach you what the law is!" he broke in; "you'll raise money to bury her like a born lady, when she's died in my debt, will you! And you think I'll let my rights be trampled upon like that, do you? See if I do! I give you till to-night to think about it. If I don't have the three weeks she owes before to-morrow, dead or alive, she shall go to the workhouse!"

This time I managed to push by him, and get to my own room, and lock the door in his face. As soon as I was alone, I fell into a breathless, suffocating fit of crying that seemed to be shaking me to pieces. But there was no good and no help in tears; I did my best to calm myself, after a little while, and tried to think who I should run to for help and protection. The doctor was the first friend I thought of; but I knew he was always out seeing his patients of an afternoon. The beadle was the next person who came into my head. He had the look of being a very dignified, unapproachable kind of man when he came about the inquest; but he talked to me a little then, and said I was a good girl, and seemed, I really thought, to pity me. So to him I determined to apply in my great danger and distress.

Most fortunately I found him at home. When I told him of the landlord's infamous threats, and of the misery I was in in consequence of them, he rose up with a stamp of his foot, and sent for his gold-laced cocked-hat that he wears on Sundays, and his long cane with the ivory top to it.

"I'll give it him," said the beadle. "Come along with me, my dear. I think I told you you were a good girl at the inquest—if I didn't, I tell you so now. I'll give it to him! Come along with me."

And he went out, striding on with his cocked-hat and his great cane, and I followed him.

"Landlord!" he cries the moment he gets into the passage, with a thump of his cane on the floor. "Landlord!" with a look all round him as if he was king of England calling to a beast, "come out!"

The moment the landlord came out and saw who it was, his eye fixed on the cocked-hat and he turned as pale as ashes.

"How dare you frighten this poor girl?" said the beadle. "How dare you bully her at this sorrowful time with threatening to do what you know you can't do? How dare you be a cowardly, bullying, braggadocio of an unmanly landlord? Don't talk to me—I won't hear you! I'll pull you up, sir! If you say another word to the young woman, I'll pull you up before the authorities of this metropolitan parish! I've had my eye on you, and the authorities have had their eye on you, and the rector has had his eye on you. We don't like the look of your small shop round the corner; we don't like the look of some of the customers who deal at it; we don't like disorderly characters; and we don't by any manner of means like you. Go away! Leave the young woman alone! Hold your tongue, or I'll pull you up! If he says another word, or interferes with you again, my dear, come and tell me; and, as sure as he's a bullying, unmanly, braggadocio of a landlord, I'll pull him up!"

With those words, the beadle gave a loud cough to clear his throat, and another thump of his cane on the floor—and so went striding out again before I could open my lips to thank him. The landlord slunk back into his room without a word. I was left alone and unmolested at last, to strengthen myself for the hard trial of my poor love's funeral to-morrow.

March 13th. It is all over. A week ago, her head rested on my bosom. It is laid in the churchyard now—the fresh earth lies heavy over her grave. I and my dearest friend, the sister of my love, are parted in this world forever.

I followed her funeral alone through the cruel, bustling streets. Sally, I thought, might have offered to go with me; but she never so much as came into my room. I did not like to think badly of her for this, and I am glad I restrained myself—for, when we got into the churchyard, among the two or three people who were standing by the open grave, I saw Sally, in her ragged grey shawl and her patched black bonnet. She did not seem to notice me till the last words of the service had been read, and the clergyman had gone away. Then she came up and spoke to me.

"I couldn't follow along with you," she said, looking at her ragged shawl; "for I hav'nt a decent suit of clothes to walk in. I wish I could get vent in crying for her, like you; but I can't; all the crying's been drudged and starved out of me, long ago. Don't you think about lighting your fire when you get home. I'll do that, and get you a drop of tea to comfort you."

She seemed on the point of saying a kind word or two more, when, seeing the beadle coming towards me, she drew back, as if she was afraid of him, and left the churchyard.

"Here's my subscription towards the funeral," said the Beadle, giving me back his shilling fee. "Don't say anything about it, for it mightn't be approved of in a business point of view, if it came to some people's ears. Has the landlord said anything more to you? No, I thought not. He's too polite a man to give me the trouble of pulling him up. Don't stop crying here, my dear. Take the advice of a man familiar with funerals, and go home."

I tried to take his advice; but it seemed like deserting Mary to go away when all the rest forsook her. I waited about till the earth was thrown in, and the man had left the place—then I returned to the grave. Oh, how bare and cruel it was, without so much as a bit of green turf to soften it! Oh, how much harder it seemed to live than to die, when I stood alone, looking at the heavy piled-up lumps of clay, and thinking of what was hidden beneath them!

I was driven home by my own despairing thoughts. The sight of Sally lighting the fire in my room eased my heart a little. When she was gone, I took up Robert's letter again to keep my mind employed on the only subject in the world that has any interest for it now. This fresh reading increased the doubts I had already felt relative to his having remained in America after writing to me. My grief and forlornness have made a strange alteration in my former feelings about his coming back. I seem to have lost all my prudence and self-denial, and to care so little about his poverty, and so much about himself, that the prospect of his return is really the only comforting thought I have now to support me. I know this is weak in me, and that his coming back poor can lead to no good result for either of us. But he is the only living being left me to love, and—I can't explain it—but I want to put my arms round his neck and tell him about Mary.

March 14th. I locked up the end of the cravat in my writing-desk. No change in the dreadful suspicions that the bare sight of it rouses in me. I tremble if I so much as touch it.

March 15th, 16th, 17th. Work, work, work. If I don't knock up, I shall be able to pay back the advance in another week; and then, with a little more pinching in my daily expenses, I may succeed in saving a shilling or two to get some turf to put over Mary's grave—and perhaps even a few flowers besides, to grow round it.

March 18th. Thinking of Robert all day long. Does this mean that he is really coming back? If it does, reckoning the distance he is at from New York, and the time ships take to get to England, I might see him by the end of April or the beginning of May.

March 19th. I don't remember my mind running once on the end of the cravat yesterday, and I am certain I never looked at it. Yet I had the strangest dream concerning it at night. I thought it was lengthened into a long clue, like the silken thread that led to Rosamond's Bower. I thought I took hold of it, and followed it a little way, and then got frightened and tried to go back, but found that I was obliged, in spite of myself, to go on. It led me through a place like the Valley of the Shadow of Death, in an old print I remember in my mother's copy of the Pilgrim's Progress. I seemed to be months and months following it, without any respite, till at last it brought me, on a sudden, face to face with an angel whose eyes were like Mary's. He said to me, "Go on, still; the truth is at the end, waiting for you to find it." I burst out crying, for the angel had Mary's voice as well as Mary's eyes, and woke with my heart throbbing and my cheeks all wet. What is the meaning of this? Is it always superstitious, I wonder, to believe that dreams may come true?

* * * * *

April 30th. I have found it! God knows to what results it may lead; but it is as certain as that I am sitting here before my journal, that I have found the cravat from which the end in Mary's hand was torn! I discovered it last night; but the flutter I was in, and the nervousness and uncertainty I felt, prevented me from noting down this most extraordinary and most unexpected event at the time when it happened. Let me try if I can preserve the memory of it in writing now.

I was going home rather late from where I work, when I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to buy myself any candles the evening before, and that I should be left in the dark if I did not manage to rectify this mistake in some way. The shop close to me, at which I usually deal, would be shut up, I knew, before I could get to it; so I determined to go into the first place I passed where candles were sold. This turned out to be a small shop with two counters, which did business on one side in the general grocery way, and on the other in the rag and bottle and old iron line. There were several customers on the grocery side when I went in, so I waited on the empty rag side till I could be served. Glancing about me here at the worthless-looking things by which I was surrounded, my eye was caught by a bundle of rags lying on the counter, as if they had just been brought in and left there. From mere idle curiosity, I looked close at the rags, and saw among them something like an old cravat. I took it up directly, and held it under a gas-light. The pattern was blurred lilac lines, running across and across the dingy black ground in a trellis-work form. I looked at the ends: one of them was torn off.

How I managed to hide the breathless surprise into which this discovery threw me, I cannot say; but I certainly contrived to steady my voice somehow, and to ask for my candles calmly, when the man and woman serving in the shop, having disposed of their other customers, inquired of me what I wanted. As the man took down the candles, my brain was all in a whirl with trying to think how I could get possession of the old cravat without exciting any suspicion. Chance, and a little quickness on my part in taking advantage of it, put the object within my reach in a moment. The man, having counted out the candles, asked the woman for some paper to wrap them in. She produced a piece much too small and flimsy for the purpose, and declared, when he called for something better, that the day's supply of stout paper was all exhausted. He flew into a range with her for managing so badly. Just as they were beginning to quarrel violently, I stepped back to the rag-counter, took the old cravat carelessly out of the bundle, and said, in as light a tone as I could possibly assume—

"Come, come! don't let my candles be the cause of hard words between you. Tie this ragged old thing round them with a bit of string, and I shall carry them home quite comfortably."

The man seemed disposed to insist on the stout paper being produced; but the woman, as if she was glad of an opportunity of spiting him, snatched the candles away, and tied them up in a moment in the torn old cravat. I was afraid he would have struck her before my face, he seemed in such a fury; but, fortunately, another customer came in, and obliged him to put his hands to peaceable and proper uses.

"Quite a bundle of all-sorts on the opposite counter there," I said to the woman, as I paid her for the candles.

"Yes, and all hoarded up for sale by a poor creature with a lazy brute of a husband, who lets his wife do all the work while he spends all the money," answered the woman, with a malicious look at the man by her side.

"He can't surely have much money to spend, if his wife has no better work to do than picking up rags," said I.

"It isn't her fault if she hasn't got no better," says the woman, rather angrily. "She's ready to turn her hand to anything. Charing, washing, laying-out, keeping empty houses—nothing comes amiss to her. She's my half-sister; and I think I ought to know."

"Did you say she went out charing?" I asked, making believe as if I knew of somebody who might employ her.

"Yes, of course I did," answered the woman; "and if you can put a job into her hands, you'll be doing a good turn to a poor hard-working creature as wants it. She lives down the Mews here to the right—name of Horlick, and as honest a woman as ever stood in shoe-leather. Now then, ma'am, what for you?"

Another customer came in just then, and occupied her attention. I left the shop, passed the turning that led down to the Mews, looked up at the name of the street so as to know how to find it again, and then ran home as fast as I could. Perhaps it was the remembrance of my strange dream striking me on a sudden, or perhaps it was the shock of the discovery I had just made, but I began to feel frightened without knowing why, and anxious to be under shelter in my own room.

If Robert should come back! O, what a relief and help it would be now if Robert should come back!

May 1st. On getting in-doors last night, the first thing I did, after striking a light, was to take the ragged cravat off the candles and smooth it out on the table. I then took the end that had been in poor Mary's hand out of my writing-desk, and smoothed that out too. It matched the torn side of the cravat exactly. I put them together, and satisfied myself that there was not a doubt of it.

Not once did I close my eyes that night. A kind of fever got possession of me—a vehement yearning to go on from this first discovery and find out more, no matter what the risk might be. The cravat now really became, to my mind, the clue that I thought I saw in my dream—the clue that I was resolved to follow. I determined to go to Mrs. Horlick this evening on my return from work.

I found the Mews easily. A crook-backed dwarf of a man was lounging at the corner of it smoking his pipe. Not liking his looks, I did not enquire of him where Mrs. Horlick lived, but went down the Mews till I met with a woman, and asked her. She directed me to the right number. I knocked at the door, and Mrs. Horlick herself—a lean, ill-tempered, miserable-looking woman—answered it. I told her at once that I had come to ask what her terms were for charing. She stared at me for a moment, then answered my question civilly enough.

"You look surprised at a stranger like me finding you out," I said. "I first came to hear of you last night from a relation of yours, in rather an odd way." And I told her all that had happened in the chandler's shop, bringing in the bundle of rags, and the circumstance of my carrying home the candles in the old torn cravat, as often as possible.

"It's the first time I've heard of anything belonging to him turning out any use," said Mrs. Horlick, bitterly.

"What, the spoilt old neck-handkerchief belonged to your husband, did it?" said I at a venture.

"Yes: I pitched his rotten rag of a neck-handkercher into the bundle along with the rest; and I wish I could have pitched him in after it," said Mrs. Horlick. "I'd sell him cheap at any rag-shop. There he stands, smoking his pipe at the end of the Mews, out of work for weeks past, the idlest hump-backed pig in all London!"

She pointed to the man whom I had passed on entering the Mews. My cheeks began to burn and my knees to tremble; for I knew that in tracing the cravat to its owner I was advancing a step towards a fresh discovery. I wished Mrs. Horlick good evening, and said I would write and mention the day on which I wanted her.

What I had just been told put thought into my mind that I was afraid to follow out. I have heard people talk of being light-headed, and I felt as I have heard them say they felt, when I retraced my steps up the Mews. My head got giddy, and my eyes seemed able to see nothing but the figure of the little crook-back man still smoking his pipe in his former place. I could see nothing but that; I could think of nothing but the mark of the blow on my poor lost Mary's temple. I know that I must have been light-headed, for as I came close to the crook-backed man, I stopped without meaning it. The minute before, there had been no idea in me of speaking to him. I did not know how to speak, or in what way it would be safest to begin. And yet, the moment I came face to face with him something out of myself seemed to stop me, and to make me speak, without considering beforehand, without thinking of consequences, without knowing, I may almost say, what words I was uttering till the instant when they rose to my lips.

"When your old neck-tie was torn, did you know that one end of it went to the rag-shop and the other fell into my hands?" I said these bold words to him suddenly, and, as it seemed, without my own will taking any part in them.

He started, stared, changed colour. He was too much amazed by my sudden speaking to find an answer for me. When he did open his lips it was to say rather to himself than me:

"You're not the girl."

"No," I said, with a strange choking at my heart. "I'm her friend."

By this time he had recovered his surprise, and he seemed to be aware that he had let out more than he ought.

"You may be anybody's friend you like," he said, brutally, "so long as you don't come jabbering nonsense here. I don't know you, I don't understand your jokes." He turned quickly away from me when he had said the last words. He had never once looked fairly at me since I first spoke to him.

Was it his hand that had struck the blow?

I had only sixpence in my pocket, but I took it out and followed him. If it had been a five-pound note, I should have done the same in the state I was in then.

"Would a pot of beer help you to understand me?" I said, and offered him the sixpence.

"A pot ain't no great things," he answered, taking the sixpence doubtfully.

"It may lead to something better," I said.

His eyes began to twinkle, and he came close to me. Oh, how my legs trembled!—how my head swam!

"This is all in a friendly way, is it?" he asked in a whisper.

I nodded my head. At that moment, I could not have spoken for worlds.

"Friendly, of course," he went on to himself, "or there would have been a policeman in it. She told you, I suppose, that I was'n't the man?"

I nodded my head again. It was all I could do to keep myself standing upright.

"I suppose it's a case of threatening to have him up, and making him settle it quietly for a pound or two? How much for me if you lay hold of him?"

"Half." I began to be afraid that he would suspect something if I was still silent. The wretch's eyes twinkled again, and he came yet closer.

"I drove him to the Red Lion, corner of Dodd street and Rudgely street. The house was shut up, but he was let in at the Jug-and-Bottle-door, like a man who was known to the landlord. That's as much as I can tell you, and I'm certain I'm right. The next morning master gave me the sack. Said I cribbed his corn and his fares. I wish I had!"

I gathered from this that the crook-backed man had been a cab-driver.

"Why don't you speak," he asked suspiciously. "Has she been telling you a pack of lies about me? What did she say when she came home?"

"What ought she to have said?"

"She ought to have said my fare was drunk, and she came in the way as he was going to get into the cab. That's what she ought to have said to begin with."

"But, after?"

"Well, after, my fare by way of larking with her, puts out his leg for to trip her up, and she stumbles and catches at me for to save herself, and tears off one of the limp ends of my rotten old tie. 'What do you mean by that, you brute,' says she, turning round as soon as she was steady on her legs, again, to my fare. Says my fare to her, 'I means to teach you to keep a civil tongue in your head. And he ups with his fist, and—— What's come to you, now? What are you looking at me like that, for? How do you think a man of my size was to take her part, against a man big enough to have eaten me up? Look as much as you like, in my place you would have done what I done—drew off when he shook his fist at you, and swore he'd be the death of you if you didn't start your horse in no time."

I saw he was working himself into a rage; but I could not, if my life had depended on it, have stood near him, or looked at him any longer. I just managed to stammer out that I had been walking a long way, and that, not being used to much exercise, I felt faint and giddy with fatigue. He only changed from angry to sulky, when I made that excuse. I got a little further away from him, and then added, that if he would be at the Mews entrance the next evening, I should have something more to say and something more to give him. He grumbled a few suspicious words in answer, about doubting whether he should trust me to come back. Fortunately, at that moment, a policeman passed on the opposite side of the way, he slunk down the Mews immediately, and I was free to make my escape.

How I got home I can't say, except that I think I ran the greater part of the way. Sally opened the door, and asked if anything was the matter the moment she saw my face. I answered, "Nothing! nothing!" She stopped me as I was going into my room, and said,

"Smooth your hair a bit, and put your collar straight. There's a gentleman in there waiting for you."

My heart gave one great bound—I knew who it was in an instant, and rushed into the room like a mad woman.

"Oh, Robert! Robert!"

All my heart went out to him in those two little words.

"Good God, Anne! has anything happened? Are you ill?"

"Mary! my poor, lost, murdered, dear, dear Mary!"

That was all I could say before I fell on his breast.

May 2d. Misfortunes and disappointments have saddened him a little; but towards me he is unaltered. He is as good, as kind, as gently and truly affectionate as ever. I believe no other man in the world could have listened to the story of Mary's death with such tenderness and pity as he. Instead of cutting me short anywhere, he drew me on to tell more than I had intended; and his first generous words, when I had done, were to assure me that he would see himself to the grass being laid and the flowers planted on Mary's grave. I could have almost gone on my knees and worshipped him when he made me that promise.

Surely, this best, and kindest, and noblest of men cannot always be unfortunate! My cheeks burn when I think that he has come back with only a few pounds in his pocket, after all his hard and honest struggles to do well in America. They must be bad people there when such a man as Robert cannot get on among them. He now talks calmly and resignedly of trying for any one of the lowest employments by which a man can earn his bread honestly in this great city—he, who knows French, who can write so beautifully! Oh, if the people who have places to give away only knew Robert as well as I do, what a salary he would have, what a post he would be chosen to occupy.

I am writing these lines alone, while he has gone to the Mews to treat with the dastardly, heartless wretch with whom I spoke yesterday. He says the creature—I won't call him man—must be humoured and kept deceived about poor Mary's end, in order that we may discover and bring to justice the monster whose drunken blow was the death of her. I shall know no ease of mind till her murderer is secured, and till I am certain he is made to suffer for his crimes. I wanted to go with Robert to the Mews; but he said it was best he should carry out the rest of the investigation alone; for my strength and resolution had been too hardly taxed already. He said more words in praise of me for what I have been able to do up to this time, which I am almost ashamed to write down with my own pen. Besides, there is no need—praise from his lips is one of the things that I can trust my memory to preserve to the latest day of my life.

May 3d. Robert very long last night before he came back to tell me what he had done. He easily recognised the hunchback at the corner of the Mews by my description of him; but he found it a hard matter, even with the help of money, to overcome the cowardly wretch's distrust of him as a stranger and a man. However, when this had been accomplished, the main difficulty was conquered. The hunchback, excited by the promise of more money, went at once to the Red Lion to enquire about the person he had driven there in his cab. Robert followed him, and waited at the corner of the street. The tidings brought by the cabman were of the most unexpected kind. The murderer—I can write of him by no other name—had fallen ill on the very night when he was driven to the Red Lion, had taken to his bed there and then, and was still confined to it at that very moment. His disease was of a kind that is brought on by excessive drinking, and that affects the mind as well as the body. The people at the public-house called it the Horrors. Hearing these things, Robert determined to see if he could not find out something more for himself, by going and enquiring at the public-house, in the character of one of the friends of the sick man in bed up-stairs. He made two important discoveries. First, he found out the name and address of the doctor in attendance. Secondly, he entrapped the barman into mentioning the murderous wretch by his name. This last discovery adds an unspeakably fearful interest to the dreadful catastrophe of Mary's death. Noah Truscott, as she told me herself in the last conversation I ever had with her, was the name of the man whose drunken example ruined her father, and Noah Truscott is also the name of the man whose drunken fury killed her. There is something that makes one shudder, something fatal and supernatural in this awful fact. Robert agrees with me that the hand of Providence must have guided my steps to that shop from which all the discoveries since made took their rise. He says he believes we are the instruments of effecting a righteous retribution; and, if he spends his last farthing, he will have the investigation brought to its full end in a court of justice.

May 4th. Robert went to-day to consult a lawyer whom he knew in former times. The lawyer much interested, though not so seriously as he ought to have been, by the story of Mary's death and of the events that have followed it. He gave Robert a confidential letter to take to the doctor in attendance on the double-dyed villain at the Red Lion. Robert left the letter and called again and saw the doctor, who said his patient was getting better, and would most likely be up again in ten days or a fortnight. This statement Robert communicated to the lawyer, and the lawyer has undertaken to have the public-house properly watched, and the hunchback (who is the most important witness) sharply looked after for the next fortnight, or longer if necessary. Here, then, the progress of this dreadful business stops for awhile.

May 5th. Robert has got a little temporary employment in copying for his friend the lawyer. I am working harder than ever at my needle to make up for the time that has been lost lately.

May 6th. To-day was Sunday, and Robert proposed that we should go and look at Mary's grave. He, who forgets nothing where a kindness is to be done, has found time to perform the promise he made to me on the night when we first met. The grave is already, by his orders, covered with turf, and planted round with shrubs. Some flowers, and a low headstone, are to be added to make the place look worthier of my poor lost darling who is beneath it. Oh, I hope I shall live long after I am married to Robert! I want so much time to show him all my gratitude!

* * * * * * *

May 20th. A hard trial to my courage to-day. I have given evidence at the police-office, and have seen the monster who murdered her.

I could only look at him once. I could just see that he was a giant in size, and that he kept his dull, lowering, bestial face turned towards the witness-box, and his blood-shot vacant eyes staring on me. For an instant I tried to confront that look; for an instant I kept my attention fixed on him—on his blotched face, on the short grizzled hair above all—on his knotty, murderous right hand hanging loose over the bar in front of him, like the paw of a wild beast over the edge of his den. Then the horror of him—the double horror of confronting him, in the first place, and afterwards of seeing that he was an old man—overcame me; and I turned away faint, sick, and shuddering. I never faced him again; and at the end of my evidence, Robert considerately took me out.

When we met once more at the end of the examination, Robert told me that the prisoner never spoke, and never changed his position. He was either fortified by the cruel composure of the savage or his faculties had not yet thoroughly recovered from the disease that had so lately shaken them. The magistrate seemed to doubt if he was in his right mind; but the evidence of the medical man relieved his uncertainty, and the prisoner was committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

Why not on a charge of murder? Robert explained the law to me when I asked the question. I accepted the explanation, but it did not satisfy me. Mary Mallinson was killed by a blow from the hands of Noah Truscott. That is murder in the sight of God. Why not murder in the sight of the law also?

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June 18th. To-morrow is the day appointed for the trial at the Old Bailey. Before sunset this evening I went to look at Mary's grave. The turf has grown so green since I saw it last; and the flowers are springing up so prettily. A bird was perched, dressing his feathers, on the low white headstone that bears the inscription of her name and age. I did not go near enough to disturb the little creature. He looked innocent and pretty on the grave as Mary herself was in her life-time. When he flew away, I went and sat for a little by the headstone, and read the mournful lines on it. Oh, my love, my love! what harm or wrong had you ever done in this world, that you should die at eighteen by a blow from a drunkard's hand?

June 19th. The trial. My experience of what happened at it is limited, like my experience of the examination at the police-office, to time occupied in giving my own evidence. They made me say much more than I said before the magistrate. Between examination and cross-examination, I had to go into almost all the particulars about poor Mary and her funeral that I have written in this journal; the jury listened to every word I spoke with the most anxious attention. At the end, the judge said a few words to me approving of my conduct, and then there was a clapping of hands among the people in court. I was so agitated and excited that I trembled all over when they let me go out into the air again. I looked at the prisoner both when I entered the witness-box and when I left it. The lowering brutality of his face was unchanged, but his faculties seemed to be more alive and observant than they were at the police-office. A frightful blue change passed over his face, and he drew his breath so heavily that the gasps were distinctly audible, while I mentioned Mary by name, and described the mark of the blow on her temple. When they asked me if I knew anything of the prisoner, and I answered that I only knew what Mary herself had told me about his having been her father's ruin, he gave a kind of groan, and struck both his hands heavily on the dock. And when I passed beneath him on my way out of the court, he leaned over suddenly, whether to speak to me or to strike me I can't say, for he was immediately made to stand upright again by the turnkeys on either side of him. While the evidence proceeded (as Robert described it to me), the signs that he was suffering under superstitious terror became more and more apparent; until, at last, just as the lawyer appointed to defend him was rising to speak, he suddenly cried out, in a voice that startled every one, up to the very judge on the bench, "Stop!" There was a pause, and all eyes looked at him. The perspiration was pouring over his face like water, and he made strange uncouth signs with his hands to the judge opposite. "Stop all this!" he cried again; "I've been the ruin of the father and the death of the child. Hang me before I do more harm! Hang me, for God's sake, out of the way!" As soon as the shock produced by this extraordinary interruption had subsided, he was removed, and there followed a long discussion about whether he was of sound mind or not. The point was left to the jury to decide by their verdict. They found him guilty of the charge of manslaughter, without the excuse of insanity. He was brought up again, and condemned to transportation for life. All he did on hearing the sentence was to reiterate his desperate words, "Hang me before I do more harm! Hang me, for God's sake, out of the way!"

June 20th. I made yesterday's entry in sadness of heart, and I have not been better in my spirits to-day. It is something to have brought the murderer to the punishment that he deserves. But the knowledge that this most righteous act of retribution is accomplished, brings no consolation with it. The law does indeed punish Noah Truscott for his crime; but can it raise up Mary Mallinson from her last resting-place in the churchyard?

While writing of the law, I ought to record that the heartless wretch who allowed Mary to be struck down in his presence, without making any attempt to defend her, is not likely to escape with perfect impunity. The policeman who looked after him to insure his attendance at the trial, discovered that he had committed past offences, for which the law can make him answer. A summons was executed upon him, and he was taken before the magistrate the moment he left the court after giving his evidence.

I had just written these few lines, and was closing my journal, when there came a knock at the door. I answered it, thinking Robert had called in his way home to say good-night, and found myself face to face with a strange gentleman, who immediately asked for Anne Rodway. On hearing that I was the person inquired for, he requested five minutes conversation with me. I showed him into the little empty room at the back of the house, and waited, rather surprised and fluttered, to hear what he had to say.

He was a dark man, with a serious manner, and a short stern way of speaking. I was certain that he was a stranger, and yet there seemed something in his face not unfamiliar to me. He began by taking a newspaper from his pocket, and asking me if I was the person who had given evidence at the trial of Noah Truscott on a charge of manslaughter. I answered immediately that I was.

"I have been for nearly two years in London seeking Mary Mallinson, and always seeking her in vain," he said. "The first and only news I have had of her I found in the newspaper report of the trial yesterday."

He still spoke calmly, but there was something in the look of his eyes which showed me that he was suffering in spirit. A sudden nervousness overcame me, and I was obliged to sit down.

"You knew Mary Mallinson, sir?" I asked, as quietly as I could.

"I am her brother."

I clasped my hands and hid my face in despair. O! the bitterness of heart with which I heard him say those simple words!

"You were very kind to her," said the calm, tearless man. "In her name and for her sake, I thank you."

"O! sir," I said, "why did you never write to her when you were in foreign parts?"

"I wrote often," he answered, "but each of my letters contained a remittance of money. Did Mary tell you she had a stepmother? If she did, you may guess why none of my letters were allowed to reach her. I now know that this woman robbed my sister. Has she lied in telling me that she was never informed of Mary's place of abode?"

I remembered that Mary had never communicated with her stepmother after the separation, and could therefore assure him that the woman had spoken the truth.

He paused for a moment, after that, and sighed. Then he took out a pocket-book and said:

"I have already arranged for the payment of any legal expenses that may have been incurred by the trial; but I have still to reimburse you for the funeral charges which you so generously defrayed. Excuse my speaking bluntly on this subject, I am accustomed to look on all matters where money is concerned purely as matters of business."

I saw that he was taking several bank-notes out of the pocket-book, and stopped him.

"I will gratefully receive back the little money I actually paid, sir, because I am not well off, and it would be an ungracious act of pride in me to refuse it from you," I said.

But I see you handling bank-notes, any one of which is far beyond the amount you have to repay me. Pray put them back, sir. What I did for your poor lost sister, I did from my love and fondness for her. You have thanked me for that; and your thanks are all I can receive."

He had hitherto concealed his feelings, but I saw them now to begin to get the better of him. His eyes softened, and he took my hand and squeezed it hard.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I beg your pardon, with all my heart."

There was silence between us, for I was crying; and I believe, at heart, he was crying too. At last, he dropped my hand, and seemed to change back, by an effort, to his former calmness.

"Is there no one belonging to you to whom I can be of service?" he asked. "I see among the witnesses on the trial the name of a young man who appears to have assisted you in the enquiries which led to the prisoner's conviction. Is he a relation?"

"No, sir—at least, not now—but I hope——"

"What?"

"I hope that he may, one day, be the nearest and dearest relation to me that a woman can have." I said those words boldly, because I was afraid of his otherwise taking some wrong view of the connection between Robert and me.

"One day?" he repeated. "One day may be a long time hence."

"We are neither of us well off, sir," I said. "One day means the day when we are a little richer than we are now."

"Is the young man educated? Can he produce testimonials to his character? Oblige me by writing his name and address down on the back of that card."

When I had obeyed, in a handwriting which, I am afraid, did me no credit, he took out another card, and gave it to me.

"I shall leave England to-morrow," he said. "There is nothing now to keep me in my own country. If you are ever in any difficulty or distress (which, I pray God you may never be), apply to my London agent, whose address you have there." He stopped, and looked at me attentively—then took my hand again. "Where is she buried?" he said suddenly, in a quick whisper, turning his head away.

I told him, and added that we had made the grave as beautiful as we could with grass and flowers.

I saw his lips whiten and tremble.

"God bless and reward you!" he said, and drew me towards him quickly and kissed my forehead. I was quite overcome, and sank down and hid my face on the table. When I looked up again, he was gone.

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June 25th, 1841. I write these lines on my wedding morning, when little more than a year has passed since Robert returned to England.

His salary was increased yesterday to one hundred and fifty pounds a year. If I only knew where Mr. Mallinson was, I would write and tell him of our present happiness. But for the situation which his kindness procured for Robert, we might still have been waiting vainly for the day that has now come.

I am to work at home for the future, and Sally is to help us in our new abode. If Mary could have lived to see this day! I am not ungrateful for my blessings; but, oh, how I miss that sweet face, on this morning of all others!

I got up to-day early enough to go alone to the grave, and to gather the nosegay that now lies before me from the flowers that grow round it. I shall put it in my bosom when Robert comes to fetch me to the church. Mary would have been my bridesmaid if she had lived; and I can't forget Mary, even on my wedding-day.—*Household Words.*

THE SLAVE-SHIP.

BY HEINRICH HEINE.

THE supercargo, Mynheer van Kook,
He sits in his cabin summing,
To calculate the amount of freight,
And the profits probably coming.

"The gum is good, and the pepper is good,
I've bags three hundred of it;
There's gold-dust, too, and ivory,
But the black ware brings the profit.

"Six hundred blacks in the Bight of Benin,
I bought at trifling figures;
Their flesh is firm, their sinews tough,
A tip-top lot of niggers.

"I've bartered all my brandy and beads,
And hardware, to some advantage;
If half should live, that half will give
Eight hundred at least as per-centage.

"If I've only three hundred niggers left
In the harbour of Rio Janeiro,
They'll fetch a hundred ducats a-head,
With the house of Gonzales Perreiro."

Then Kook was roused from his reverie
Of cent. per cent. quadrupled,
For in the old ship's-surgeon came,
The Doctor Van der Skrupelt;

A small spare man, with a pimpled nose
In the midst of his visage flaring;
A seat he took. "Now, then," said Kook,
"How are my black pets faring?"

The doctor thanked him, but shook his head;
"No news have I that is pleasing;
I'm sorry to say that I find to-day
The mortality greatly increasing.

"Two deaths per diem the average was,
But seven to-day were smitten;
Four men, three women—you'll find the loss
In the day-book duly written.

"I closely examined the bodies first,
For these schemers well I know them;
I often find them shamming death,
That overboard we may throw them.

"I took the shackles from off the dead,
And, as I do regularly,
I'll have the bodies flung over the side
To-morrow morning early.

"And when they drop in the sea beneath,
How the sharks dart up and maul 'em;
For they keenly relish a black man's flesh—
My pensioners I call 'em.

"Since we left the coast, in the wake of the ship
They're always there to mind us;
They scent the smell of the bodies, the brutes,
And greedily snuffle behind us.

"'Tis a comical sight, when they get the corpse,
To see how they snap and gambol;
One grips the head, and one nips the leg,
And the rest for the viscera scramble.

"When they've swallowed up all, then on once more
They dart along in our wake fast,
And stare at me as if they fain
Would thank me for their breakfast."

But, sighing, Mynheer van Kook struck in,
Of drollery little recking;
"Doctor," says he, "this mortality
Have you no means of checking?"

"They may thank themselves," the doctor said,
"That death so many snatches;
Their villanous breath corrupts the air,
Even beneath the hatches:

"And many besides of the dismals die;
They mope, and brood, and sicken;
But music, a dance, and a little air,
Their stagnant blood may quicken."

Then cried Van Kook, "First-rate advice,
Sea-king of pill and plaster!
You're skilful as the Stagyrite,
Great Alexander's master.

"Music! This very night we'll have
Our blacks on the foredeck skipping;
And if any refuse, we must make them amuse
Themselves by dint of whipping."

II.

Deep in the dark blue vault of heaven,
The stars in thousands beaming
Look from the skies, like women's eyes,
Wistful, and large, and gleaming.

The stars look down upon the sea,
The far horizon rounding
With phosphorescent purple haze.
The swell is softly sounding.

The sails hang dead on the slaver's spars,
No breeze pipes through the rigging;
On the deck below, where the lanterns glow,
There's a sound of music and jigging.

The helmsman fiddles with might and main,
The cook on the flute is playing,
The cabin-boy drums, and, louder than all,
Is the doctor's trumpet braying.

A hundred niggers, women and men,
Are shouting, and skipping, and springing
About like mad, while the fetters keep time,
From wrist and ankle ringing.

They stamped on the deck with a wild delight,
And many a comely maiden
Fondly embraced her partner's waist—
'Twcen sounds with sorrow laden.

The boatswain's *maitre des plaisirs*,
With his cat-o'-nine-tails there he
Stirs up the dancers as they flag,
And makes them brisk and airy.

And row-de-row and fiddle-de-dee!
The tumult and commotion,
Rouse from their sleep far down in the deep
The monsters of the ocean.

The drowsy sharks come floating up
In scores the taffrail under,
And, with sleep and surprise in their puzzled eyes,
They stare in stupid wonder.

They find that breakfast time, as yet,
Has not arrived, and, yawning,
They show their jaws, with saw-teeth set,
Keen for the feed at dawning.

And row-de-row and fiddle-de-dee,
The dance has no cessations;
And the sharks are biting each other's tails
In the height of their impatience.

They don't love music, I rather think,
And most of their stamp forego it;
"The man that hath not music," you know
Says Albion's greatest poet.

And fiddle-de-dee and row-de-row,
The dance will never be ended,
While folded hands by the foremast stood
Van Kook, and his prayer ascended:

"O let these poor black sinners, Lord,
For Jesu's sake be pitied;
They've angered Thee, but then Thou know'st
That they are *so* beef-witted.

"O spare their lives for Jesu's sake,
Who died for all creation,
For if I haven't three hundred left,
I lose by the speculation."

—*London University Magazine.*

A RUSSIAN MISTRESS JEALOUS OF HER SLAVE.—The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 21st of July gives the following illustration of serfdom in Russia, as of recent occurrence:

Among the serfs owned by a widow lady was a girl who had been brought up with unusual indulgence, had received a superior edueation, and acquired manners far more cultivated than belonged to her class, to which advantages was added the natural gift of an attractive person. At an early age she was apprenticed at St. Petersburg to a French dressmaker; and, having attained to some skill in the business, she was, after a time, offered profitable employment.

This her mistress permitted her to accept, on the usual payment of an *obrok* to herself in lieu of personal service. The girl conducted herself well in her situation, acquired a knowledge of the French language and formed habits of considerable refinement. Here she attracted the notice of an officer of the rank of colonel, who in due time proved his attachment by offering her marriage. The girl accepted the proposal, and nothing remained but to obtain her freedom from her mistress. The purchase money the colonel was willing to pay. This ought to have been regulated by the *obrok* which the girl had paid, calculated at so many years' purchase. The officer, however, was not disposed to cavil about the price, but on applying to the mistress, to whom he unfortunately explained his purpose, he received for answer that on no terms whatever would she emancipate her slave.

Every effort was used to shake the resolution, which appeared unaccountable; but argument, entreaty and money were alike unavailing, and the lady remained inexorable